# THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No 8 - E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society ©

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JANUARY 17th, 1928.



**The colour and exquisite flavour of "SALADA" Green Tea are natural—Only the process of curing is different from Black Tea—Both are equally pure—"SALADA" Green Tea is sealed in air-tight aluminum—fresh—delicious—satisfying—38c per ½-lb. at all grocers. Ask for this tea.**

**"SALADA" GREEN TEA** 208

**Surveying and Engineering**
**T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.**
Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.
**NAPANEE, ONT.**
John Street,
South of Paisley House.
'Phone 385, Box 139.
15tf

**INSURANCE**
For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Roblin.
A number of companies to choose from.
Office:
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.
27-tf

**DECORATING**
Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.
**FRED RUSSELL**
'Phone 406. East Street.

**DOXSEE & CO.**
*Special Sale of*
*Millinery*
You can save money by buying a hat now, as we must sacrifice the balance of our winter stock.

**25 HATS**
Assorted Colors and Shapes, all this season's productions. Reg. $5.00 to $8.00

**TO CLEAR $1.00**

**BI-TEX HOSIERY**
In Sand, Grain and Grey. Reg. $2.50
**To Clear $1.50**

**WOOL AND SILK STOCKINGS**
In Sand, Grain and Grey. Reg. $1.25
**On Sale 79c.**

**The Leading Millinery House**

**January Bargains**
Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes and Rubbers, and everything to tog a man or boy from head to foot at Reduced Prices during the month of January.
**$5.00 Off Ordered Suits and Overcoats**
**W.W.ADAMS**
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

**We Sell Travellers' Cheques**
They assure safety and convenience in carrying money while travelling and are negotiable everywhere.
For sale at any Branch.
THE DOMINION BANK
Established 1871
140
C. Waite, - Manager.
Napanee Branch


THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

HOUSE TO RENT—On Centre street, all conveniences. Apply to DOWLING. 8-b

STORE TO RENT—In Oddfellows' block (formerly Harshaw block) newly decorated, new front. Possession January 1st, 1928. Apply E. J. POLLARD.

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. Ont. 6-tf

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. AT CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

WOULD THE PARTY who picked up a gold headed umbrella on John street, few doors north of Trinity church, on New Year's eve, kindly return to Mrs. E. McLaughlin—valued as a keepsake. 8-a

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame; good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. - P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of Ralph Lawrence, late of the Village of Newburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned, solicitor for said estate, before the tenth day of February, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

J. M. SIMPSON,
Solicitor for said Estate.
7-d

## THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, pursuant to Statute, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

**TUESDAY, JANUARY 24th, 1928** at 2 p.m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, the 25th, in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.
Dated January 9th, 1928. 7-b

**Poultry Wanted.**
Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.
THE M. B. MILLS CO.

## WILTON.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Storms, Rutherford, N.J., were recent visitors with Mrs. R. Storms.

Miss Leila Simmons, R. N., has returned to Chicago to resume her duties.

The Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Clarence Babcock on Tuesday. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess and a very successful meeting was held.

Mr. Edward Parrott has returned to Flint, Mich., after spending his holidays at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Babcock have returned home from a motor trip to Hamilton, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Babcock.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carr entertained a number of friends to dinner on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. W. K. Babcock has been on the sick list, but is improving.

The Presbyterian manse is well under way.

## EASTERN STAR INSTALLATION

The annual installation of the officers of Napanee Chapter No. 151 Order of the Eastern Star was held in the rooms of Argyll Lodge No. 217, I.O.O.F., on Tuesday evening and was marked with a large attendance of members and visitors, also Inter-representation of Loughboro Chapter of Sydenham Fraternal, and Kingston Chapter of Kingston, and Belleville Chapter of Belleville.

Prior to the opening of the chapter, a sumptuous banquet was held in the dining hall of the Campbell House and a very choice menu was partaken of by nearly eighty members and visitors.

The installation ceremony which was very beautiful, was conducted by Mr. Barlow of Napanee, Chapter No. 55, who is a Past District Deputy Grand Matron. The Marshall for the occasion was Mrs. George Rothwell, Past District Deputy Grand Matron of Fraternal Chapter, Kingston.

Assisting the Grand officers were Mrs. Wright, Worthy Matron of Fraternal Chapter, Kingston; Mrs. Jordan, past Worthy Matron and Mr. George Rothwell, Past Worthy Patron of Fraternal Chapter, Kingston.

The newly installed officers for 1928 are as follows:

Worthy Matron, Mrs. Harry Thompson; Worthy Patron, Mr. W. A. Thompson; Associate Matron, Mrs. R. S. Wales; secretary, Miss Hilda McGreer; treasurer, Mrs. H. L. Vanduzer; conductress, Mrs. Frank Herrington; Associate Conductress, Mrs. Burrell Huffman; Sentinel, Mr. Clarence Shantz; Chaplain, Mrs. J. E. Robinson; organist, Mrs. B. M. Black; Warder, Mrs. A. Ackerman; Sentinel, Mr. Fred Henderson; Star points, Mrs. Fred Henderson, Mrs. Fred Taverner, Mrs. B. M. Black, Miss Edith W. Thompson and Mrs. Percy Sharp.

The installation services being duly concluded a number of presentations were then made.

Mrs. Barlow and Mrs. Rothwell, the installing officers, were the recipients of beautiful bouquets of silver, the presentations being made on behalf of the officers and members of Napanee Chapter, Mrs. Frank Herrington, on behalf of Mrs. (Rev.) W. R. Tanton, of Cobourg, who was Associate Matron, presented the retiring Worthy Matron, Miss Edith Taverner, with a beautiful bouquet of roses.

The retiring Worthy Matron, Miss Taverner, and the retiring Worthy Patron, Mr. B. M. Black, were each presented with a magnificent jewel, the presentations being made by Mrs. T. M. Asselstine and Mrs. R. S. Wales. Miss Taverner was also presented with a beautiful silk quilt, copy to be retiring Worthy Patron, Mr. B. M. Black. Each of the officers for 1927 were given a flower and the retiring matron and the social committee, Mrs. Percy Sharp, Mrs. W. A. Thompson and Miss Long, were not forgotten in their floral tributes services during the year, each being presented with a lovely piece of china by the retiring Worthy Matron and Patron. The newly elected Worthy Matron, Mrs. Harry Thompson, was also the recipient of a beautiful gift, the gift of her mother, Mrs. Riley, of Fraternal Chapter, Kingston.

The recipients very feelingly acknowledged the exquisite gifts, after which brief addresses were given by a number of the visiting members.

At the close of the Chapter session light refreshments were served and the second installation of the Napanee Chapter was thus fittingly brought to a close.

**Lindbergh, Pa.**

Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, is not the only living celebrity who had his fame marked on the map. A mountain was recently named after him in Maine. "Lindbergh, Pa." is a newly-established town of about 200 acres, named in honor of the Atlantic flyer.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has two American towns named after him, and a British Columbia town is one called after Earl Haig.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of William Edward McKay Lockeridge, late of the township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 17th day of February, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE.
Solicitors for said Estate.
8-d

## RICHMOND MINUTES

The Council of the Township of Richmond met at Selby on June 9th, at 11 o'clock, pursuant to Statute, the Clerk presiding.

After taking their "Declaratin of Office" Rev. Jas. Batstone opened the session with prayer, and the following took their places at the Council Board:

A. C. Tummon, Reeve; S. J. Mowers, A. H. Oliver, H. S. Windover and M. H. Sexsmith, Councillors.

This present Council enjoys the distinction of being the first to be elected by acclamation in forty years.

The Tax Collector, Mr. Irwin G. Sexsmith, returned the tax roll with practically 100% paid in full. This is a most satisfactory condition of affairs for the township and certainly reflects credit on the part of the Collector and also on the ratepayers. This is the first time in the history of the township that the taxes were all reported collected at the first meeting of the council. The ratepayers are also to be congratulated on the prompt payment of their taxes.

Moved by S. J. Mowers, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the tax-roll of I. G. Sexsmith, Collector, be accepted with all taxes collected and turned over to Treasurer, except $274.30 uncollectable, and that a salary of $110.00 be paid. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that By-laws be introduced appointing Assessor, Auditors, and members of Bard of Health for 1928. Carried.

Moved by H. Windover, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that By-Law No. 759 appointing Jas. McLeod Assessor for 1928, at a salary of $75.00, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by M. H. Sexsmith, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that By-Law No. 760 appointing Hiram Abbott Sanitary Inspector and Thos. Edgar, Board of Health for 1928, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by H. S. Windover, that By-Law No. 761, appointing S. L. Clute and H. R. Paul Auditors for 1928, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by M. H. Sexsmith, seconded by H. S. Windover, that the Council of the Township of Richmond in session assembled have learned with deep regret of the passing away of Samuel S. Brown, ex-councillor and Township, and highly respected citizen of this community, and desire to record our heartfelt sympathy with the family and friends of the deceased. Carried.

Moved by H. Windover, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that the Clerk be authorized to endeavor to procure from Dept. of Public Highways a special grant of $1000.00 for the Township Roads in the township of Richmond. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by H. S. Windover, that Arthur Rose be issued a kennel license for 1928 for the sum of $10.00. Carried.

The following road accounts were ordered paid: John E. Hudgins, engineer, $14.00; Tyendinaga boundary work, $161.64; Jas. Haggerty, bonus on 21 rods wire fence, $5.25.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by H. S. Windover, that the Road Superintendent be authorized to procure 2000 ft. bridge covering for season of 1928 to be delivered at Township Hall on or before May 1st, 1928, and report to Council. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that Geo. F. Hawley be issued cheque for $6.00, error in special school rate. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by H. S. Windover, that sealed tenders will be received by the Clerk of Township of Richmond up to and including March 3rd, 1928, for gasoline power to operate road machinery for Richmond township for 1928, lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that the following accounts be paid: E. J. Pollard, printing for 1927, $151.50; Ira Deseronto, truant officer, $5.00; Wm. Paul, truant officer, $5.00. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that the Reeve and Treasurer be authorized to sign cheques for township purposes and a copy of this resolution be sent to Royal Bank, Napanee. Carried

Moved by M. H. Sexsmith, seconded by H. S. Windover, that account of Deseronto, submitted to Richmond for ditch, Dec. 13th, 1927, for $65.00, be filed. Carried.

Moved by M. H. Sexsmith, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the Council adjourn to meet March 5th, 1928.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

**Earth Is Tiny.**

One of the stars which has been recently measured is so large that if the sun were placed at its centre the present orbit of the earth would be some 30,000,000 miles inside its surface, Prof. C. A. Chant of the University of Toronto told members of the York Pioneer and Historical Society.

Prof. Chant was discussing the solar systems of the universe and comparing them with the earthly system of planets. He showed that the earth is only an insignificant speck in the vast areas of the sky. The speaker also outlined the theory of light. His address was illustrated by one hundred lantern slides picturing the distribution of the stars and various aspects of the solar system.

## RENNIE BLOCK BURNED

**HEWSON'S DRUG STORE, SELL-RITE STORE AND KELLY'S GROCERY ALL COMPLETELY BURNED OUT.**

On Sunday evening, about 10.30 an alarm of fire called the firemen to the Rennie block, at the corner of Dundas and East streets, where night policeman Cook had discovered a fire in the store occupied by Mr. Hewson, druggist.

Several lines of hose were immediately laid, but despite the efforts of the firement the fire was soon in possession of the whole building, spreading to the upper floors and to the stores occupied by the Sell-Rite store and Mrs. H. W. Kelly's grocery and the whole block is now but a mass of ruins.

The second floor was occupied by Messrs. Douglas & Co., and the Brethren meeting hall, and the third floor on the east side by the Forrester's hall. The west rooms on the third floor were vacated some time ago.

The block was purchased by Mr. Geo. Tustin a few years ago, since coming into Mr. Tustin's possession has been completely repaired. New fronts were placed in all three stores and the one in the Hewson store only being completed last week.

The building as well as all the contents are a complete loss, nothing being left of any of the contents of the stores.

During the height of the fire, when it was seen that the whole block was lost, one of the members of Napanee council sent to Kingston for the assance of some members of the Kingston fire Brigade. The Kingston firemen quickly responded and five men were soon on hand, but their services were not required at any time, as the Napanee firemen were handling the situation and had the fire under control when the Kingston firemen were summoned.

Mr. Tustin's loss on the building will be quite heavy, as he carried but $16,000 insurance, and the building was estimated to be worth $40,000.

The Forresters carried a small insurance on their furnishings and will lose quite an amount.

The stores and Messrs. Douglas & Co. were all more or less insured heavily, all will be heavy losers in the fire.

The burned block was built in 1885, for the late Mr. Rennie by the late Mr. Jas. Cliff, brother of Mr. Geo. A. Cliff, and its loss makes a bad gap in the business section.

Mr. W. S. Herrington, of the block, was in Toronto at the time of the fire as was also Mr. Sinclair, of the Sell-Rite store.

## SYDENHAM.

On Sunday morning last, death claimed a highly respected resident of Sydenham, in the person of Mr. Levi Cranston, in his fifty-fourth year. A sufferer of ill-health extending over a period of many years, the past few months enduring pain and discomfort with a serenity and patience, which only one of his sterling disposition could have been capable of evidencing.

The funeral, which was held on Tuesday afternoon, was conducted from his residence to Grace United Church. Rev. C. Hollingsworth conducted the service.

The church was filled with sympathizing friends and neighbors. Members of the Masonic Order were present in a body, to pay their last tribute of respect and perform the last sad rites of their vast brotherhood. He leaves to mourn his loss, a loving wife and two daughters, Misses Gretta and Myrtle, also two sisters, Mrs. E. Rutan, Kingston, and three brothers, Messrs. Will, Walter and Clayton Cranston, Napanee.

**Cross Cut Saws and Axes.**

Also circular wood cutting saws, 30 inches in diameter.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

## DESERONTO.

Another nomination meeting has come and gone and still Deseronto is without a complete Council. At the meeting on Thursday night five were named for the reeveship, fifteen for councillors and three for school trustees. Up to 9 p.m. Saturday night, no one had qualified for the position of reeve, and only four men qualified for councillors, where five men were necessary to complete the council. The school trustees go in by acclamation. The councillors qualifying were: E. Roach, C. E. Argue, R. Geddes, C. C. Thompson. The mayor, L. C. Thrasher, and one councillor, Milton Hunt, went in by acclamation at a previous nomination meeting. The school trustees are W. Seals, W. Bowsom, E. Robinson.

And now a third nomination meeting will have to be held in order to elect a reeve and the one remaining councillor. It will take place in the course of the next two weeks, the date has not been fully decided upon.

**A Double Record.**

A double record on British railways for speed and weight combined was created by the Royal Scot, in covering a 200 miles non-stop in 326 minutes. This run from Euston to Carlisle was two miles under the previous record. The train was made to weigh nearly 500 tons, or 33 tons more than the previous heaviest train.

**Ontario.**

Ontario stretches 1,000 miles from east to west and 1,075 miles from north to south.

## ANNUAL MEETING V. O. N.

The annual meeting of the Napanee branch of the V.O.N. was held on Tuesday evening, in the Public Library. Following are the officers for 1928:

Hon. Pres.—Mrs. F. F. Miller.
Pres.—Mrs. Geo. Switzer.
1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. W. H. Millsap.
2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. W. Smith
3rd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Geo. Gibbard.
Secretary—Mrs. C. B. Creighton.
Treasurer—Miss Mary Leamy.
Conveners—:
Women's Finance Committee—Mrs. C. I. Maybee.
Men's Finance Committee—Mr. W. J. Doller.
Relief Committee—Miss Josephine Leamy.

SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT

I beg to submit the fourth annual report of the Secretary of the V.O.N. for the year 1927.

During the year there were ten executive meetings and one special one public meeting, with an average attendance of ten.

Miss Lambert was the nurse until July 1st. Miss Parks supplied for that month and August 1st, Miss Lauder took over the work at the same salary of $125 per month.

Mrs. Switzer, the President, was sent in June as a delegate to the annual meeting of the Board of Governors at Ottawa. Upon her return she gave an interesting talk of the different sessions.

The work done by our nurse included bedside nursing, child welfare, school inspection and instructive health talks.

Funds were raised by the following means: Bedside nursing, grant of $500 from the township, $400 from the Board of Education, a pavement dance and tag day, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. allows 75c. to all policy holders and an additional 25c. per infant.

The Child Welfare Clinic is a very important branch of the Nurse's work and has been well attended. The clinic is held every Thursday afternoon in the Council Chamber.

The Relief Committee has lessened the suffering throughout the town.

Sewing meetings are held each Monday afternoon in the Council Chamber, where she is going to take a course at Kingston Business College.

Holy Communion was celebrated in the Anglican church on Sunday last, the new minister, Rev. Morgan, officiating.

Mr. Wallace, manager of the Tamworth creamery, spent his holidays with his parents at Aurora.

Mr. Claude Williams and son, Jim, are getting out the summer wood for the Tamworth creamery.

Mr. Orval Richmond left Monday to Belleville to take a Business Course.

Miss Grace Beckstead of Moscow, spent last week-end with her parents.

Miss Reeves, of Enterprise, spent last week-end with Miss Della Watters.

Miss Beryl Milligan spent last week-end at home.

Mr. George Williams, of Kingston, spent last week-end at his home here.

Mr. Hugh Gendron, Arden, called on friends here recently.

Mr. Tommy Youngs, of Marlbank, spent an evening recently with Miss Greta Piper.

## ODESSA.

About forty friends and relatives of Mrs. George Lucas met at her home on Dec. 14th to celebrate her ninety-second birthday anniversary. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent. A number of delicious eatables were served and all were made happy to see Mrs. Lucas so well. This occasion has been held an annual event and has been looked forward to by Mrs. Lucas.

Among the out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. William Hagerman and daughter, Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Peters and Mrs. Sloan and daughter, Mabel, Kingston. There were many useful and pretty gifts and all wished the hostess many more years of health and happiness.

The many friends of Mrs. T. C. Graham will be pleased to hear that she is recovering nicely in the Kingston General Hospital and expects to return home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smith, of Elginburg, called on friends last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Allen and daughter, Jean, Gananoque, were recent visitors of the former's mother, Mrs. Henry Allen.

Mrs. Amos Snider and Mrs. Herman Vrooman spent a couple of days recently with friends in Deseronto.

## ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

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## NURSE'S ANNUAL REPORT

During the year 137 cases were registered, including Medical, General, Prenatal, Obstetrical, infants and communicable. 829 nursing visits were paid and 994 non-nursing, making a total of 1,823 visits.

Insurance visits, (prenatal) 17
Insurance visits (Infants of ohs.) 50
Insurance visits (all others) 110
Free nursing visits, including one free confinement.. 17
Educational visits ..... 847
Night calls (including 29 confinement calls ..... 32
Clinics attended ..... 49
Classes conducted ..... 3
Meetings attended ..... 14
Total No. of hours spent in confinement service ..... 130

FEES COLLECTED.

Pat. (for conf. service)..$ 113 00
Pat. (for other services) 174 25
Insurance Co..... 103 00

CLINIC WORK.

49 Baby Clinics were held. 108 cases registered, with a total attendance of 518. Of these 10 were referred to their own physician.

SCHOOL WORK.

143 visits were paid to schools, 71 classroom health talks were given, 1354 children were weighed, 200 defects corrected and 486 minor treatments. 82 children were referred to own physician. 8 cases were referred to the Health Officer. 236 home school visits were made.

L. LAWDER.
Nurse-in-charge.

## YEARLY REPORT FOR SOCIAL SERVICE AND RELIEF COMMITTEE.

By cash from Miss Neilson..$5.00
By cash from friends..... 75
$5.75

Money spent from general fund this year..... $32.73
on needy
No. of meetings—10
Average attendance—22.4
Ladies present, average—22.4.
No. helped during year—471.

"The Convener wishes to thank her committee and all who so faithfully attended the meetings for sewing during the year, also all those who contributed either by money or material towards the work of the Committee.

Special thanks are due to the President and Treasurer of the Beaver Santa Claus Fund for donations, and the Rotary Club for kindnesses rendered. Thanks are also due Mr. Ed. Duncan for his assistance on several occasions.

J. LEAMY, Convener.
Napanee, Jan. 10th, 1928.

## SELBY.

Council met on Monday last—the first session in the New Year.

Mr. G. Price, who underwent an operation in Kingston General Hospital, we are glad to say is improving.

The quarterly board of the United Church met in the school room on Tuesday afternoon.

A number from here attended the funeral on Sunday last, at Roblin, of the late Mrs. C. Pringle.

## TAMWORTH.

All are sorry to hear of the departure of our bank manager, Mr. Malcolm.

Mrs. Steven's is in charge of the senior room in Miss Paul's place.

Miss Louise Hannah has left for Kingston, where she is going to take a course at Kingston Business College.

Holy Communion was celebrated in the Anglican church on Sunday last, the new minister, Rev. Morgan, officiating.

Mr. Wallace, manager of the Tamworth creamery, spent his holidays with his parents at Aurora.

Mr. Claude Williams and son, Jim, are getting out the summer wood for the Tamworth creamery.

Mr. Orval Richmond left Monday to Belleville to take a Business Course.

Miss Grace Beckstead of Moscow, spent last week-end with her parents.

Miss Reeves, of Enterprise, spent last week-end with Miss Della Watters.

Miss Beryl Milligan spent last week-end at home.

Mr. George Williams, of Kingston, spent last week-end at his home here.

Mr. Hugh Gendron, Arden, called on friends here recently.

Mr. Tommy Youngs, of Marlbank, spent an evening recently with Miss Greta Piper.

## ODESSA.

About forty friends and relatives of Mrs. George Lucas met at her home on Dec. 14th to celebrate her ninety-second birthday anniversary. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent. A number of delicious eatables were served and all were made happy to see Mrs. Lucas so well. This occasion has been held an annual event and has been looked forward to by Mrs. Lucas.

Among the out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. William Hagerman and daughter, Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Peters and Mrs. Sloan and daughter, Mabel, Kingston. There were many useful and pretty gifts and all wished the hostess many more years of health and happiness.

The many friends of Mrs. T. C. Graham will be pleased to hear that she is recovering nicely in the Kingston General Hospital and expects to return home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smith, of Elginburg, called on friends last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Allen and daughter, Jean, Gananoque, were recent visitors of the former's mother, Mrs. Henry Allen.

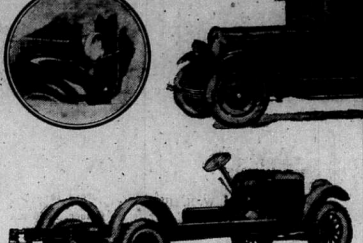
Mrs. Amos Snider and Mrs. Herman Vrooman spent a couple of days recently with friends in Deseronto.

## COMING :-: EVENTS

THE I. O. D. E. EUCHRE IN THE Town Hall, on Monday, Jan. 23rd.

THE MEMBERS OF THE NAPANEE Golf and Country Club will hold a St. Valentine's dance in the Paisley House on the evening of February 13th.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf



That the interest aroused in the New Chevrolet has been well merited is indicated by these first photographs of this latest addition to the light car field. The smart sport cabriolet, with its folding seat and disc wheels, is shown in the upper right-hand photograph. In the centre is the sturdy Chevrolet one-ton truck chassis, while at the lower right is the coach model, the body of which is five inches longer than formerly. Insets are: upper left, the massive new radiator and heavy full crown fenders; right, the powerful and clean-cut motor of the new line, with two-port exhaust and complete enclosure; lower left, a view of one of the four-wheel brakes. The New Chevrolets, which are to be reduced in price, are to be available at once. They are longer and roomier than previous models.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.

(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

### JESUS AND THE LAW.

(May be used with Temperance Applicatins.)

Sunday, Jan. 22.—Mark 2 : 18 to 3 : 6.

Golden Text—Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. (Matt. 5 : 17.)

The law condemns men. The Gospel redeems men. They are exact opposites. When we see the lesson title, "Jesus and the Law," what attitude toward the law are we to expect Him to take who came to earth in order that there might be a Gospel?

The interesting and extraordinary thing is that the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to do for men what the law could never do, nevertheless stood equally for the law and for the Gospel. He never made light of the law. How could He?—for it was and is the Son of God, and God the Son. The law issues just as directly from the Son as from the Father's; and "He cannot deny Himself" (II. Tim. 2 : 13).

But this week's lesson gives us some striking contrasts. There are four distinct incidents or teachings: the question and answer on fasting; the parables of the cloth and the bottles; the cornfields and the Sabbath; the Sabbath day healing of the withered hand.

Fasting and the presence of the Lord of the universe, do not go together. Pharisees and disciples of John the Baptist asked the Lord why His disciples did not fast, as they did. The Lord's answer plainly declared that it was no time for men to fast while He, the Light and Joy of the world, was with them. A Church of England clergyman, the Rev. J. Russell Howden, says in The Sunday School Times: "It is noteworthy that no injunction to fast is to be found in the New Testament, nor even any recommendation of the practice. Every passage where anything of the sort is to be found in the Authorized Version is either omitted altogether or relegated to the margin in the Revised Version."

The Lord then showed the folly of sewing a piece of new cloth on an old garment, and of putting new wine into old bottles. In the one case "the rent is made worse"; in the other, "the new wine doth burst the bottles, and the wine is spilled." Was He not teaching the impossibility of attempting to live by law and grace at the same time? He was bringing to an end the old dispensation of law; He was about to usher in the new dispensation of grace. But He made it plain, as the Golden Text shows, that He came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. He kept the law during His entire lifetime as no other man in the history of the world has ever kept it. Having fulfilled it, He paid the penalty of the law against sin, which means the death of the sinner, by taking the sinner's place on the cross and dying. Thus He made it possible for men to be saved who could never keep the law themselves. If the new cloth and the new wine represent the grace of God, men are to live by God's grace, accepting His gift of life through the death of His Son; they are not to attempt to win merit in God's sight by keeping the law. But they are to live in full and glad obedience to the will of God because of His gift of salvation and life.

The Pharisees had added many things to the Old Testament law, things that God never put there. Particularly was this true of their elaborate legislation concerning details of Sabbath observance. So when they criticised Christ and His disciples in Sabbath matters, they were demanding obedience to man-made laws rather than to the law of God. Evidently the Lord Jesus had two lessons to teach them: the proper observance of the Jewish or Old Testament Sabbath; and the fact that He was Lord even of the Sabbath, and fulfilling its requirements. He could usher in a new dispensation with a new freedom.

Answering the Pharisees' criticism of His disciples for plucking ears of corn as they passed through the fields on the Sabbath day, Christ reminded His Jewish critics of the precedent set by their great King, David. He ate the shewbread on the Sabbath, "which is not lawful to eat but for the priests" The Scofield Reference Bible comments on the parallel passage in Matthew 12 : 1-7: "Jesus' action is highly significant. 'What David did' refers to the time of his rejection and persecution by Saul (I Sam. 21 : 6). Jesus here is not so much the rejected Saviour, as the rejected King; hence the reference to David."

The lesson closes with another Sabbath day test, which precipitated the anger and opposition of Christ's enemies. The Lord attended a place of worship, the synagogue, on the Sabbath; and among the worshippers "there was a man there which had a withered hand." God's enemies, the religious leaders of their generation, were watching the Son of God, expecting and perhaps hoping that He would heal the sick man on the Sabbath day, "that they might accuse Him."

Christ met their best expectations. He did deliberately, publicly, prominently. He did it slowly, so that no one could possibly miss the full significance of what He was doing.

First He asked the diseased man to "Stand forth." And then He interrogated Himself, turning from the man to His enemies and confronting them with a most comfortable question: "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill?"

What could their answer be? Of course, there was no answer they could make. They were speechless. Then the Lord, having convicted His enemies publicly went on in His saving and healing ministry. "Stretch forth thine hand," was His command of love and miracle. "And he stretched it out; and his hand was restored whole as the other."

This was too much. The God of law and the God of love had exposed His enemies, had routed and defeated them, had made Himself Lord of the Sabbath, and had shown His power to save. There was nothing for them to do now but to plan "how they might destroy Him."

### POWER FOR BROWN COAL.

**State-Owned Electricity Plant In Victoria Paying Its Way.**

The latest accounts issued by the State Electricity Commission of Victoria, Australia, show that its revenue is now sufficient to cover not only all operating costs and interest charges, but also to provide adequately for the depreciation of the plant. This substantial financial position has been reached in three years.

The commission's plant is a unique electricity undertaking in that it is one of the very few in the world in which deposits of low grade solid fuel resource. There are vast deposits of this coal at Morwell and Yallourn in Victoria, and the huge powerhouse has been erected on the scene of the deposits. Power is transmitted over distances of up to 200 miles, and the cost of producing the electricity is about the same as it is at some of the large water power developments of the world.

### Curfew Bell Still Rings.

The curfew bell is still rung at eight o'clock at several places in England—notably at the Church of St. Thomas, Newport, Isle of Wight; at Rye, Sussex; and also at the little Sussex market town of Chelmsham, where it has been sounded for centuries without a break. In the days when William the Conqueror made the order for the curfew bell to be rung at eight o'clock each night in the towns and villages of Britain, it was ostensibly a protection against fire, although other reasons have been assigned to it. There were no chimneys in those days. The fire was made in a hole in the middle of the floor and the smoke was emitted through a hole in the roof, hence the name curfew—couvre feu (cover the fire).

## WHEN THE RATTLER SHEDS ITS SKIN

BY ERWIN GREER

(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Curing engine rattles usually require the skill and facilities of a repairman, but it is worth while mentioning the more common noises that come under this head. Loose pistons may produce a noise that can be more accurately described as a rattle than a knock. A valve or valves out of adjustment will cause a tap that may be cured by adjustment. Worn push rods, or more likely worn push rod guides, may give rise to a rattling sound. The cure is to have new parts put in.

A noisy transmission or rear axle indicate lack of lubricant or badly worn parts. As soon as undue noise is noticed the unit should be inspected and lubricant added if necessary. If this does not help, new parts may be required.

Nothing contributes so much to the shabbiness of an automobile as need of painting. Painting costs a lot of money these days. Every effort should therefore be made to preserve the original finish. Strong soap and hot water quickly kill the fine gloss and wear away the paint, and their use should be avoided as much as possible, although in making this statement it is realized that this combination of cleaning agents removes dirt and grease most efficiently. Cold water tends to harden and preserve varnish and should be used whenever possible If the motorist does his own washing it is also worth adding that separate sponges and chamois skins should be used for body and running gear.

The fact is often lost sight of that varnish has a double function. Not only does it make the surface shine, but it also acts as a skin which protects the paint underneath. As soon as the skin wears away the exposed paint rapidly deteriorates. Under ordinary circumstances the skin will begin to wear through in spots after six months' use. That is the psychological moment for applying a new coat of varnish. Renewal of the skin provides protection of the paint for another half year. It is an investment that is well worth the money. Its cost is small compared with the expense of completely repainting. The time required to do the job is less and this is often an important consideration.

### WILL PROTECT PARTRIDGES.

**Quebec Will Also Try to Save Little Red Trout.**

The Fish and Game Association of Quebec is actively engaged in efforts to save the partridge in the province from being decimated and is also trying to protect the little red trout from extinction.

In connection with the association's campaign to preserve the partridge there have been several police court convictions against hunters and dealers offering such birds for sale. One hunter was fined $25 recently for transporting two lots of partridges. The lots included several braces of the fowl which were seized by inspectors just as they were about to be shipped to the market for sale.

They were fine specimens, the inspectors stated.

In connection with the move to save red trout there were sixteen convictions in one week for illegal angling for fish of this description, according to a report made by J. R. Innes, secretary of the Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. In addition to the convictions, which cost the fishermen fines of $5 and heavy costs, three gill nets and one spear used for fishing at night were seized by the officers.

**Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.**

**ROBT. LIGHT.**

4tf

## ORNAMENTAL MAPLES

No less than ten varieties of the maple tree have been tested, on the ornamental grounds of the Experimental Farm at Ottawa. These include the Amur maple, the Manitoba maple, or Box Elder, the Black maple, the Striped maple, the Norway, the Schwedler, Red, Silver, Sugar and Tartarian. This group alone provides a wide range of adaptability for ornamental or shade tree use. In a recently issued Bulletin, No. 89 of Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa entitled "Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Woody Climbers," these maples are carefully described as are scores of other trees and shrubs that have varying qualifications for planting at Canadian homes. The Amur maple is described as resembling a shrub more than a tree, as it reaches only about 25 feet in height. One of the charms of this variety is that the leaves, which are relatively small, always turn red in the autumn. The Box Elder, or Manitoba maple, although it is quite a favourite tree for the North-western provinces, is not as suitable for Eastern Canada as most of the other varieties. The Black maple has the peculiarity of having downy, dull green leaves that turn a pleasing yellow shade in the autumn. The Striped maple is interesting because of the white stripes that appear on its green bark. It is said to be peculiarly adaptable when associated with other trees rather than as an individual specimen in the open. The Norway maple is credited with the disadvantages of being lowheaded with bad crotches, making it less desirable than the sugar maple, for instance, as an ornamental tree. The Schwedler, which in 35 years has reached a height of 44 feet and a spread of 40 feet, presents a particularly striking appearance in the early part of the season, when the leaves take on a delightful mahogany or purplish shade. The Red maple, not unlike the sugar maple in many respects, is particularly well suited for low ground where the sugar maple may not succeed. The Silver maple is a fast grower. 37 years from the time it was set out specimens at Ottawa have reached 66 feet in height, with a spread of 56 feet. It is one of the hardiest of Canadian maples and is recommended for the colder parts of Canada. The Sugar maple is regarded as the best all-round ornamental tree hardy at Ottawa. The Tartarian maple has deeply cut leaves, is very hardy, and its leaves take on a high colour on ripening. This bulletin, written by Mr. K. P. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist, not only describes many varieties of woody ornamental plants proved hardy at Ottawa, but it, gives views of many representative specimens possessing peculiar charm.

## FEEDING THE LAYERS

(Experimental Farms Note.)

To secure the best results from a flock of laying pullets, they must be housed properly at the beginning. Pullets hatched in April and May should be brought in from range in October. This gives them a chance to become accustomed to their winter quarters. The house must be constructed to provide proper ventilation but without cold drafts. It should face the south to allow the free entry of the sun's rays which have a beneficial action upon the birds.

At Nappan, it was found that during the winter a grain mixture of 100 pounds wheat, 100 pounds corn and 50 pounds of oats produced good results. Along with this was a mash composed of equal parts of bran, shorts, corn meal, crushed oats, fine beef scrap of 5 0to 60 per cent. protein and 2 per cent. charcoal. Besides the grains, whole and ground, green feed has its important part in the ration. Such feeds as cabbage, mangels, sprouted oats and cut green clover add a variety to the diet. Also the birds require the presence of water, grit and shell before them at all times. When buttermilk or skim milk can be supplied constantly, and is the only source of drink, the beef scrap can be removed entirely. To produce the best results from such a ration as that above, the grain must be fed lightly during the day in a litter of straw of four to five inches in depth. This causes the birds to exercise, thus keeping them active. It also necessitates the birds consuming the dry mash, which is the egg forming material. At night a heavy feed of grain should be given. The rate is, night for a hundred birds, six quarts, reducing slightly after the cold period is past. A combination of mangels and sprouted oats or cabbage and sprouted oats can be fed daily, but the sprouted oats should be fed during the afternoon. If only cabbage or mangels are used, feed just what the birds will clean up in a short time during the warmer part of the day. Supply fresh water daily, heating it when necessary during the colder weather.

### Birds' Wings Baffle Movie Camera.

For weeks the British Air Ministry has been endeavoring to photograph humming birds in action as an aid in perfecting the helicopter, but the attempts were unsuccessful.

Humming birds hover in front of flowers, sipping the nectar while stationary in the air, and this is the secret which the Government officials have been trying to record on the film.

One film was taken at the rate of 300 exposures every second, but the birds' wings were entirely lost. Only blurs showed where the scientists had hoped to see wing movements.

### Australia's Cattle King.

Sir Sidney Kidman, the veteran Cattle King of Australia, is 70 years old. He began his career as a teamster at 10s. a week. Now he owns thirty ranches covering more than thirty million acres of land; more than 100,000 cattle and 10,000 horses; 1,500 camels and thousands of donkeys and sheep.

## THE BEE'S PART IN THE PRODUCTION OF CROPS OTHER THAN HONEY

(Experimental Farms Note.)

How many of us, when eating a rosy-cheeked apple or juicy plum, ever think of the forces that combined to produce such luscious fruit. We see the growing plants, admire their loveliness when in bloom, and rejoice when they are laden with fruit, but the factors which aided in bringing about the final achievement escape us. One important factor in the production of fruit or seed is that of cross-fertilization. Experiments have shown that most of the fruit some vegetable, and seed producing plants are partially or wholly self-sterile and, therefore, unable to produce fruit of themselves. It is also an accepted fact that those fruit or seed producing plants, which are self-fertile, will yield much more heavily because of cross-fertilization. To bring about cross-fertilization the pollen or male elements of one plant, or flower must be conveyed to the pistil of female element of another plant or flower and the chief agents in such distribution are wind and insects. It has been shown that wind plays little or no part in the cross-pollination of the above-mentioned plants but that insects are of utmost importance. Of the many flower-loving insects the industrious and methodical honeybee is the most efficient pollen carrier; and in regions or seasons where wild bees are scarce or when frequently unfavourable weather during the blossoming period demands that pollination be accomplished quickly, a few hives of bees in or near the orchard or field are a necessity. Fruit and seed growers are aware of this fact and if they do not keep bees themselves are glad to have specialist beekeepers place their apiaries so the bees may visit their trees or plants when in bloom. It has been estimated that bees are of equal value as agents in cross-pollination, as they are as honey producers.

### FLAGSHIP AS NAVY TARGET.

**Centurion Will Manoeuvre Under Fire Without Crew.**

There has recently been put into commission by the British Admiralty the largest ship ever fitted with radio control. This vessel is the 22,000-ton battleship Centurion, one of the capital ships discarded under the Washington treaty.

Until a few months ago the Centurion was flagship of the British reserve fleet. She was removed from this position and chosen to replace the obsolete Agincourt and Canada as target ship for the Atlantic fleet. For this purpose the Centurion has been fitted with a system of radio control which enables her to manoeuvre under gunfire without having any crew aboard her. This is made possible by the new equipment fitted in her and which is operated by radio impulses projected from an attendant destroyer that has a special plant for the work.

Steaming at a safe distance behind the Centurion while gun practice is being carried out upon her, the destroyer sends out by wire or by radio signals of different strengths, each one of which controls its special piece of mechanism. By these signals the Centurion's helm may be put to port or starboard as required. Her speed can also be regulated and oil fed to her furnaces. In short, she can be handled as well as if there were a crew of sailors aboard her. For the Centurion it is claimed that she is the most efficiently equipped radio-controlled ship yet devised.

### KIMONO IS PASSING.

**Japanese Women Find It Cumbersome and Costly.**

The kimono, the picturesque costume worn through the centuries by the women of Japan, is passing and soon will be entirely unused in Japan, is the opinion of Miss Fusae Ichikawa, the leader of the Japanese Suffragettes, says the London Daily Mail.

It is her opinion that the women of Japan can no longer afford to dress in the rich and brocades that go into the ordinary kimono and its trimmings. The cost of turning out a well-dressed Japanese woman is about double what the ordinary well-dressed Englishwoman or American spends on he rcostume. Worth or Paquin in their best days never touched the price heights that some Japanese costumiers ask for the kimono and obi (wide sash).

The kimono costume, gracefully flowing though it appears, is uncomfortable. Everything bunches about the waistline, where the kimono and several undergarments are folded in to give each the proper length, with the obi wound tightly over all, these heavy silk and brocade sashes being from twelve to fifteen feet long. The result is a waist swathing of silk and cotton some eight to ten layers deep.

To-day eighty per cent. of the schoolgirls in the Japanese cities and about fifty per cent. in country districts wear school uniforms of foreign style, with shoes and stockings, while in every city a host of "flappers" parade the streets in what are supposed to be the latest fashions from London and New York.

### English to Predominate.

To keep Cambridge predominantly English the university authorities have decided to limit the number of foreign students enrolled at its twenty colleges. They have also decided to give preference to students of British over colonials. The university has almost reached the limit of expansion, and had it not reduced the number of foreigners it would soon have been faced with the necessity of refusing admission to hundreds of young Englishmen.

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### No Monotony In Potatoes.

A potato is a potato, but here are 120 ways of cooking him: plain, mashed, roast, fried, and a la. All these potato creations were demonstrated by one chef at the western German Hotelmen's Fair at Cologne, and, while he claims this as a record, he does not think the possibilities of serving the succulent tuber are exhausted.

### Silky Cloth From Cornstalks.

Silky cloth, strong enough to be made into clothing, is the latest product which the chemist's magic is extracting from hitherto wasted cornstalks.

India has nearly one-fourth of the lapers of the world.

### Longest Suspension Bridge.

The longest suspension bridge in the world spans the Delaware river between Philadelphia and Camden, connecting the States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It has a span of 1,750 feet.

### Bulgaria's Population.

Bulgaria has a population of 5,033,900.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

**H. W. SMITH**
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street. PHONE 91

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**The Express Printing House, Napanee.**

# CAVANAGH FRONTIERSMAN

## BY HAMLIN GARLAND

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As he stood there at Lize Wetherford's door and his mind went back over her brave deed, which had gone far to atone for her vulgarity, his respect for her deepened. Lee Virginia opened the door and stepped out close beside him.

"Her breathing is quieter," she whispered. "I think she's going to sleep. It's been a terrible night! You must be horribly tired. I will find you some place to sleep. Please don't go till after breakfast," she smiled wanly. "I may need you."

He understood. "What did the doctor say?"

"He said mother was in a very low state of vitality and that she must be very careful, which was easy enough to say. But how can I get her to rest and to diet? You have seen how little she cares for the doctor's orders. He told her not to touch alcohol."

"She is more like a man than a woman," he answered.

She led the way into the small sitting room which lay at the front of the house and directly opposite the door of her own room. It was filled with shabby parlor furniture, and in one corner stood a worn couch. "I'm sorry, but I can offer nothing better," she said. "Every bed is taken, but I have plenty of blankets."

There was something delightfully suggestive in being thus waited upon by a young and handsome woman, and the ranger submitted to it with the awkward grace of one unaccustomed to feminine care.

They faced each other in silence, each filled with the same delicious sense of weakness, of danger, reluctant to say good night, longing for the closer touch which dawning love demanded, and yet something in the girl defended her, defeated him.

"You must call me if I can be of any help," he repeated, and his voice was tremulous with feeling.

"I will do so," she answered.

Still they did not part. His voice was very tender as he said: "I don't like to see you exposed to such experiences. It angers me to think that the worst of these loafers, these drunken beasts, can glare at you, can speak to you. They have no right to breathe the same air with one like you."

She did not smile at this. His voice like eyes were filled with the gravity of the lover whose passion is not humorous. Against his training, his judgment, he was being drawn into closer and closer union with this daughter of violence, and he added, "You may not see me in the morning."

"You must not go without seeing my mother. You must have your breakfast with us. It hurt me to think you didn't come to us for supper."

Her words meant little, but the look in her eyes, the music in her voice, made him shiver. He stammered: "I—I must return to my duties tomorrow. I should go back tonight."

"You mustn't do that. You can't do that. You are to appear before the judge."

He smiled. "That is true. I'd forgotten that."

Radiant with relief, she extended her hand. "Good night, then. You must sleep."

He took her hand and drew her toward him; then, perceiving both wonder and fear in her eyes, he conquered himself. "Good night," he repeated, dropping her hand, but his voice was husky with its passion.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD SHEEP HERDER.

THE ranger was awakened in the first faint dawn by the passing of the girl's light feet as she went across the hall to her mother's room, and a moment later he heard the low murmur of her voice. Throwing off his blankets and making such scant toilet as he needed, he stepped into the hall and waited for her to return.

Soon she came toward him, a smile of confidence and pleasure on her lips. "How is she?" he asked.

"Quite comfortable."

"And you?" His voice was very tender.

"I am a little tired," she acknowledged. "I didn't sleep very well."

"You didn't sleep at all," he declared regretfully.

"Oh, yes, I did," she replied brightly. These two ardent souls confronted each other in absorbed silence with keener perception, with new daring, with new intimacy, till he recalled himself with effort. "You must let me help you if there's anything I can do. Remember, I'm your big brother."

"I remember," she answered smilingly, "and I'm going out to see what my big brother is to have for breakfast."

Cavanagh found the street empty, quiet and utterly commonplace. He set forth to his duties with a deepened conviction of the essential barrenness of the state and of America in general, for this spirit of mob law was to be found in some form throughout the land. He was disgusted, but not beaten. His resolution to carry out the terms of his contract with the government remained unshaken.

He carried with him also a final disturbing glimpse of Elita Wetherford's girl that did indeed threaten his peace of mind. There was an involuntary appeal, a wistful depth, to her glance which awakened in him an indignant pity and also blew into flame something not too creditable—something which smoldered beneath his consciousness will. She had not escaped her heritage of passion, and her glances, innocent as they were, roused even in him something lawless.

His pony plodded slowly, and the afternoon was half spent before he came in sight of the long, low log cabin in which was the only house possessed in all America. For the first time since he built it the station seemed lonely and disheartening. "Would any woman for love of me come to such a heartbroken?" he asked himself. "And if she consented to do so could I be so selfish as to exact such sacrifice? No; the forest ranger in these altitudes must be young and dwell free; otherwise his life would be miserably solitary."

He was just dishing out his rude supper when the feet of a horse on the log bridge announced a visitor.

With a feeling of pleasure as well as relief he rose to greet the stranger. "Any visitor is welcome this night," he said.

The horseman proved to be his former prisoner, the old man Edwards, who slipped from his saddle with the never failing grace of the cow man and came slowly toward the cabin. He smiled wearily as he said: "I'm on your trail, Mr. Ranger, but I bear no malice. You were doing your duty. Can you tell me how far it is to Amboy's camp?"

There was something forlorn in the man's attitude, and Cavanagh's heart softened. "Turn your horse into the corral and come to supper," he commanded with western bluntness. "We'll talk about all that later."

Edwards accepted his hospitality without hesitation. "I'm going up to take Ambro's place," he began after a few minutes of silent eating. "Know where his camp is?"

"I do," replied Ross, to whom the stranger now appeared in pathetic guise. "Any man of his age consenting to herd sheep is surely hard hit by the rough hand of the world," he reasoned, and the closer he studied his visitor the plainer he felt his ungoverned past.

"I suppose Gregg paid your fine?" he said.

"Yes."

"In any other town in the state you'd have gone down the line."

He roused himself. "See here, Mr Ranger, you're no warrant to believe me, but I told you the truth. Young Gregg got me to ride into the range and show him the trail. I didn't intend to get mixed up with a game warden. I've had all the confinement I need."

"Well, it's a closed incident now," interposed Ross. "We won't reopen it. Make yourself at home."

The stranger, hungry as he was, ate with unexpected gentility, and as the hot coffee sent its cheerful glow through his body he asked, with livening interest, a good many questions about the ranger and the forest service. "You fellers have to be all round men. The cowboys think you have a snap, but I guess you earn your money."

"A man that builds trails, lays bridges, fights brush, fights fire, rides the roundup and covers seventy-five miles of trail every week on $80 per month and feeds himself and his horses isn't what I would call enjoying a soft snap."

"What do you do it for?"

"God knows! I've been asking myself that question all day today."

"This playing game warden has some outs too. That was a wild crowd last night. The town is the same old hole it was when I knew it years ago. Fine girl of Lize Wetherford's. Lize has changed terribly. I didn't expect to see her have such a skein of silk as that girl. She sure looks the queen to me."

Cavanagh did not greatly relish this line of conversation, but the pause enabled him to say: "Miss Wetherford is not much western; she got her training in the east. She's been with an aunt ever since her father's death."

"He's dead, is he?"

"So far as anybody knows, he is."

"Well, he's no loss. I knew him too. He was all kinds of a fool. He got on the wrong side of the rustler line-up. Them Wetherford women think a whole lot of you. Years like they'd both fight for you. Are you sweet on the girl?"

"Now, see here, old man," Ross retorted sharply, "you want to do a lot of thinking before you comment on Miss Wetherford. I won't stand for any nasty cinch."

Edwards meekly answered: "I wasn't going to say anything out of the way. I was fixing for to praise her."

"All the same, I don't intend to discuss her with you," was Cavanagh's curt answer.

The herder fell back into silence while the ranger prepared his bunk for the night. The fact that he transferred some of the blankets from his own bed to that of his visitor did not escape Edwards' keen eyes, and with grateful intent he said:

"I can give you a tip, Mr. Ranger," said he, breaking out of a silence. "The triangle outfit is holding more cattle on the forest than their permits call for."

"How do you know?"

"I heard one of the boys bragging about it."

"Much obliged," responded Ross. "I'll look into it."

Edwards went on: "Furthermore, they're fixing for another sheep kill over there too. All the sheepmen are armed. That's why I left the country. I don't want to run any more chances of being shot up. I've had enough of trouble. I can't afford to be bobnobbing with judges and juries. I'm just a broken down old cowpuncher herding sheep in order to keep clear of the liquor belt."

This seemed reasonable, and the ranger remarked by way of prompting the visitor: "I've nothing to say further than this—obey the rules of the forest and you won't get into any further trouble with me. And as for being shot up by the cowmen, you'll not be disturbed on any national forest. There never has been a single herder shot nor a sheep destroyed on this forest."

"I'm mighty glad to hear that," replied Edwards, with sincere relief. "I've had my share of shooting up and shooting down. All I ask now is quiet and the society of sheep. I take a kind of pleasure in protecting the God brutes. It's about all I'm good for."

He did indeed look like a man in the final year of life as he spoke. "Better turn in," Cavanagh said in kindlier tone. "I'm an early riser."

The old fellow rose stiffly and, laying aside his boots and trousers, rolled into his bunk and was asleep in three minutes.

Cavanagh himself was very tired and went to bed soon after to sleep dreamlessly till daylight. He sprang from his bed and after a plunge in the stream set about breakfast, while Edwards rose from his bunk groaning and sighing and went forth to wrangle the horses, rubbing his hands and shivering as he met the keen edge of the mountain wind. When he returned breakfast was ready, and again he expressed his gratitude.

"Haven't you any slicker?" asked Cavanagh. "It looks like rain."

"No; I'm run down pretty low," he replied. "The truth is, Mr. Ranger, I blew in all my wages at roulette last week."

Ross brought out a canvas coat, well worn, but serviceable. "Take this along with you. It's likely to storm before we reach the sheep camp. And you don't look very strong. You must take care of yourself."

Edwards was visibly moved by this kindness. "Sure you can spare it?"

"Certain sure; I've another," returned the ranger curtly.

It was hardly more than sunrise as they mounted their ponies and started on their trail, which led sharply upward after they left the canyon. The wind was strong and stinging cold.

Taking pity on Edwards, who was shivering, Cavanagh turned off the trail into a sheltered nook behind some pine trees.

"How do you happen to be reduced to herding sheep?" he asked. "You look like a man who has seen better days."

Edwards, chafing his thin fingers to warm them, made reluctant answer, "It's a long story, Mr. Ranger, and it concerns a whole lot of other people—some of them decent folks—so I'd rather not go into it."

"John Barleycorn was involved, I reckon."

"Sure thing. He's generally always in it."

"You'd better take my gloves. It's likely to snow in half an hour. Go ahead. I'm a younger man than you are."

The other made a decent show of resistance, but finally accepted the offer, saying: "You certainly are white to me. I want to apologize for making that attempt to sneak away that night. I had a powerful good reason for not staying any longer."

Ross smiled a little. "You showed bad judgment—as it turned out."

"I sure did. That girl can shoot. Her gun was steady as a doorknob. She filled me door. Where did she learn to hold a gun like that?"

"Her father taught her, so she said."

"She wouldn't remember me—an old cuss like me—but I've seen her with Wetherford when she was a kidlet. I never thought she'd grow up into such a queen. She's a wonder. Lize looked sick to me. She ought to send her girl away or get out. As you say, the Fork is no kind of a place for such a girl."

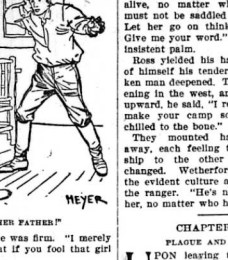
He spoke with a good deal of feeling, and the ranger studied him with deepening interest. He had taken on dignity in the heat of his protest, and in his eyes blazed something that was both manly and admirable.

"You're just the kind of a figure to catch a girl's eye. She likes you. I could see that, but you've got a good opinion of yourself. You're an educated man. Do you intend to marry her?"

"See here, Mr. Sheep Herder, you better ride on up to your camp." And Ross turned to mount his horse.

"Wait a minute," called the other man, and his voice surprised the ranger with a note of authority. "I was terribly taken with that girl, and I owe you a whole lot, but I've got to know one thing. I can see you're full of her and jealous as a bear of any other suitor. Now, I want to know whether you intend to marry her or whether you're just playing with her."

Ross was angry now. "What I intend to do is none of your business."




"I'M HER FATHER!"

The other man was suddenly ablaze with passion. His form had lost its stoop. His voice was firm. "I merely want to say that if you fool that girl I'll kill you!"

Ross stared at him, quite convinced that he had gone entirely mad. "That's mighty chivalrous of you, Mr. Sheep Herder," he replied cuttingly, "but I'm at a loss to understand this sudden indignation on your part."

"You needn't be. I'm her father!"

Cavanagh fairly reeled before this retort. His head rang as if he had been struck with a club. He perceived the truth of the man's words instantly. He gasped, "Good God, man, are you Ed Wetherford?"

The answer was quick. "That's who I am!" Then his voice changed. "But I don't want the women to know I'm alive. I didn't intend to let anybody know it. All the same, I mean it. If you or any man tries to abuse her I'll kill him! I've loaded her up with trouble, as you say, but I'm going to do what I can to protect her now that I'm in the county again."

Ross, confused by this new complication in the life of the girl he was beginning to love, stared at his companion in dismay. Was it not enough that Virginia's mother should be a slattern and a termagant? At last he spoke. "Where have you been all these years?"

"In the Texas 'pen.' I served nine years there."

"What for?"

"Shooting a man. It was a case of self defense, but his family had more money and influence than I did, so I went down the road. As soon as I got out I started north—just the way a dog will point toward home. I didn't intend to come here, but some way I couldn't keep away. I sided around the outskirts of the Fork, picking up odd jobs of sheep herding just to have time to turn things over. I know what you're thinking about—you're saying to yourself, 'Well, here's a nice father-in-law!' Well, now, I don't know anything about your people, but the Wetherfords are as good as anybody. If I hadn't come out into this cursed country, where even women go shooting wild, I would have been in congress; but, being hot headed, I must mix in. I'm not excusing myself, you understand. I'm not a desirable addition to any man's collection of friends, but I can promise you this —no one but yourself shall ever know who I am. At the same time, you can't deceive my girl without my being named in the funeral that will follow."

"You are only a distant and romantic figure to Lee—a part of the dead past," said Cavanagh. "She remembers you as a bold rider and a wonderously brave and chivalrous father."

"She must never know. You must promise never to tell her."

"I promise that," Cavanagh said, and Edwards went on:

"If I could bring something to her—prove to her I'm still a man—it might do to tell her, but I'm a branded man now and an old man, and there's no hope for me. I worked in one of the machine shops down there, and it took the life out of me. Then, too, I left a bad name here in the Fork, I know that. Those big cattlemen fooled me into taking their side of the war. I killed everything I had on them, and then they railroaded me out of the county. So, you see, I'm double crossed, no matter where I turn."

Every word he uttered made more apparent to Cavanagh that Lee Virginia would derive nothing but pain and disheartenment from a knowledge that her father lived. "She must be spared this knowledge of shameful inheritance," he decided.

The other man seemed to understand something of the ranger's indignant pity, for he repented: "I want you to promise not to let Lee know I'm alive, no matter what comes. She must not be saddled with my record. Let her go on thinking well of me. Give me your word." He held out an insistent palm.

Ross yielded his hand, and in spite of himself his tenderness for the broken man deepened. The sky was darkening in the west, and, with a glance upward, he said, "I reckon we'd better make your camp soon or you'll be chilled to the bone."

They mounted hastily and rode away, each feeling that his relationship to the other had completely changed. Wetherford marveled over the evident culture and refinement of the ranger. "He's none too good for her, no matter who he is," he said.

### CHAPTER XIV.

PLAGUE AND MURDER.

UPON leaving timber line Cavanagh and Wetherford entered upon a wide and sterile slope high on the rocky breast of the great peak whose splintered crest lorded the range. Snow fields lay all about, and a few feet higher up, the canyons were filled with ice. It was a savage and tempest swept spot in which to pitch a tent, but there among the rocks shivered the minute canvas home of the shepherd, and close beside it, guarded by a lone dog and lying like a thick spread flock of rimy hewldens almost unnoticeable in their silent immobility, huddled the sheep.

"There's your house," shouted Ross to Wetherford.

The older man, with white face of dismay, looked about him, unable to make reply.

"Hello, there!" shouted Ross, wondering at the absence of human life about the camp. "Hello, the house!"

Receiving no answer to his hail, he turned to Wetherford. "Looks as if Ambro has pulled out and left the collie to tend the flock. He's been kind of seedy for some days."

Dismounting, he approached the tent. The collie, who knew him, seemed to understand his errand, for he leaped upon him as if to kiss his cheek. Ross put him down gently. "You're almost too glad to see me, old fellow. I wonder how long you've been left here alone."

The impulse he opened the tied flap, but started back with instant perception of something wrong, for there, on his pile of ragged quilts, lay the Basque herder, with flushed face and rolling eyes, crazed with fever and entirely helpless. "You'd better not come in here, Wetherford," Ross warned. "Joe is here, horribly sick, and I'm afraid it's something contagious. It may be smallpox."

Wetherford recoiled a step. "Smallpox! What makes you think that?"

"Well, these Basques have been having it over in their settlement, and, besides, it smells like it." He listened a moment. "I'm afraid Joe's in for it. He's crazy with it. But he's a human being, and we can't let him die here alone. You rustle some wood for the stove, and I'll see what I can do for him."

Wetherford was old and wasted and thin blooded, but he had never been a coward, and in his heart there still burned a small flame of his youthful, reckless, generous daring. Pushing Cavanagh one side, he said with firm decision: "You keep out of there. I'm the one to play nurse. This is my job."

"Nonsense! I am younger and stronger than you."

"Get away!" shouted the older man. "Gregg hired me to do this work, and it don't matter whether I live or die. But you've got something to do in the world. My girl needs you, and she don't need me, so get out of here and stay out. Go bring me that wood and I'll go in and see what's the matter."

Cavanagh looked him in the face an instant. "Very well," said he, "I'll do as you say. There's no use of our both taking chances."

It was beginning to rain, and the tent was dark and desolate; but as the fire in the little stove commenced to snarl and the smoke to pour out of the pipe the small domicile took on cheer. Wetherford knew how to care for the sick and in the shelter of the canvas wall developed unforeseen vigor and decision. It was amazing to Cavanagh to witness his change of manner.

Soon a pan of water was steaming, and some hot stones were at the sufferer's feet, and when Wetherford appeared at the door of the tent his face was almost happy. "Kill a sheep. There isn't enough but a hind of bacon and a little flour in the place."

Twenty miles of most difficult trail lay between Cavanagh's cabin and this spot. To carry the sick man on his horse would not only be painful to the sufferer, but dangerous to the rescuer, for if the Basque were really ill of smallpox contagion would surely follow. On the other hand, to leave him to die here unaided seemed inhuman, impossible.

"There is only one thing to do," he called to Wetherford, "and that is for me to ride back to the station and bring up some extra bedding and my own tent and so camp down beside you."

"All right, but remember I've established a quarantine. I'll crack your head if you break over the line an inch."

There was no longer any feeling of reaching up or reaching down between the two men—they were equals. Wetherford, altogether admirable, seemed to have regained his manhood as he stood in the door of the tent confronting the ranger. "This Basque ain't much of a find; but, as you say, he's human, and we can't let him lie here and die. I'll stay with him till you can find a doctor or till he dies."

"I will take off my hat to you," responded Cavanagh. "You are a man."

Once back at his cabin after leaving Wetherford, Cavanagh set himself to cooking some food to take back with him to the peak. He brought in his pack horse and burdened him with camp outfit and utensils and extra clothing. He filled his pockets with such medicines as he possessed, and so at last, just as night was falling, he started back over his difficult trail.

Wetherford met him at the door, no longer the poor old tramp, but a priest, one who has devoted himself to Christ's service.

"How is he?" asked the ranger.

"Delirious," replied the herder. "I've had to hold him to his bed. I'm glad you've come. It's lonesome up here. Don't come too near. Set your tent down there by the trees. I can't have you infected. Keep clear of me and this camp."

"I've got some food and some extra clothing for you."

"Put 'em down here, and in the morning drive these sheep away. That noise disturbs the dago, and I don't like it myself; they sound lonesome and helpless. That dog took 'em away for awhile, but brought 'em back again. Poor devil, he don't know what to think of it all."

Ross did as Wetherford commanded him to do—and withdrew a little way down the slope and without putting up his tent rolled himself in his blankets and went to sleep.

The ranger's first duty in the morning was to feed the faithful collie and to send him forth with the flock. His next was to build a fire and cook some breakfast for Wetherford, and as he put it down beside the tent door he heard the wild pleading of the Basque, who was struggling with his nurse, doubtless in the belief that he was being kept a prisoner. Only a few words like "no home" and "sheep" were intelligible to either the nurse or the ranger.

(Continued on page 5)

## EARTH NEVER QUITE STILL.

### Minute Vibrations Coursing Along the Earth's Crust.

Every portion of the earth's surface always is in motion, though that motion may be very slight. Until recent years all such motion except the great movements of earthquakes escaped attention. The minute vibrations are described by J. J. Shaw in Nature Magazine as an unending train of waves, waxing and waning in amplitude, that are unceasingly coursing along the earth's crust and reach to unknown depths.

The wave period ranges between four and eight seconds, the amplitude is from one-millionth to one and one 2,000th of an inch, but with a wave length of three to sixteen miles. The speed of the waves is believed to be a mile a second. Such local causes as air tremors and the swaying of buildings and trees were formerly suggested, but it is now known that they are wide-spread earth movements. These minute movements are not easily separated from one another and there has been no means of recording individual ones. But recently certain troughs have been traced on recording instruments 60 feet apart.

Continuing the investigation the range has been extended to two miles, and it has been made practicable to pick out individual tremors on the two sets of records. One result is proof that the travel of the minor movements is independent of wind and weather, though the source and nature of the movements are still unsolved.

### Cave Man Houses.

Walls of ice sheltered the cave men of Europe from the chill blasts of the glaciers that invaded that continent during the age that they lived. To the Geological Society of America Prof. Thomas C. Brown, of Fitching, Mass., reported that rock shelters, shown by archeological excavations to have been inhabited in the glacial epochs, had their now open fronts closed by ice walls that covered the cliff faces. Seeing such an ice structure on a small scale suggested this explanation to Prof. Brown.


### No More Pretty Shoes—for Dorothy

Dorothy peeps shyly at you through a tangle of pretty dark curls. If you are a man, she is hoping against hope that you might be her Daddy, because he used to come and see her and bring her pretty shoes, but he doesn't come any more.

Dorothy cannot understand why. If you are a lady she knows you can't belong to her because the nurse says her mother died years ago. It's hard for a wee girl of five to understand all this, and why she shouldn't have the joys that other little girls always have, and, above all, why she should be in the tiresome bed so much!

But the kindly doctors and nurses at the Queen Mary Hospital are very patient with helpless little Dorothy and hope to fight off the dreaded consumption and make her sound and well.

Wouldn't you like to help this waif? Your gifts to the Hospital will be gratefully received.

Cheques may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

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THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, MOTHER
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HM-M! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT RIGHT NOW!
SO? YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE BOSS AROUND HERE, ARE YOU? WELL- YOU JUST LISTEN TO ME-
NO I WON'T LISTEN TO YOU! THAT'S ANOTHER THING I'M TIRED OF! FROM NOW ON YOU'RE GOIN' T LISTEN TO ME! SO- SHUT UP! YA HEAR? SHUT UP!
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## MISCALCULATED CAR REPAIR COSTS AS USED IN ALBERTA COAL ENQUIRY ARE EXPLAINED IN FURTHER DETAIL

Conclusions are Based on Statistics of Railways Own Experts and Are Supported by Two of Continent's Most Practical and Well-Informed Railroad Men.

NO ALLOWANCE MADE ON ACCOUNT IDLE CARS

Railways are Footing Large Repair Bills on Idle Cars Which if in Service Would at Least Pay Repair Bills if Coal Carried Without Profit.

This is the third of a series of articles dealing with a Canadian fuel supply for Canadians, based on investigations made, and demonstrated clearly that Western coal, for domestic use, can be brought East and sold at a reasonable price, without loss to the railways and without the payment of a cent in subsidies.

In last week's article, errors in the car-repair charges assessed against Alberta coal by Board of Railway Commissioners, were noted.

It was shown that in estimating the figure was the cost per ton of bringing western coal to Ontario, the Board had included in that figure $1.30 too much for freight car repairs alone.

Add to this the 47 cents per ton over-charge as a result of estimating carloads at 33.4 tons each instead of 36 tons and you have a mistake, n two items alone, of $1.77 on a total coast of $7.22. In other words, even supposing there were no other errors-which is not the cast--the actual cost per ton of bringing coal in Alberta coal certainly does not exceed 5.45.

To make fully clear the nature of the mis-calculation on account of car repairs, it should be remembered that the statistics given here are not those of the supporters of a Canadian-coal-for Canadians policy, but the figures of the railways' own experts.

The conclusions reached by this paper are supported by similar opinions from two of the continent's most practical and well-informed railroaders, George W. Oliver and W. P. Hinton.

It is estimated that 10,000 freight cars would carry the coal. All of it would be hauled during the slack season and within a six-month period each year.

The Board allows the sum of $2,124,250 for repairs on these 10,000 freight cars during the time in which they are engaged in carrying coal. That is included in the $7.22 figure per ton.

On that basis, the Railway Board estimates that it costs$4,-248,500 per year to keep these 10,000 cars in repair, since it costs half that much to keep in repair for six months.

Since total freight-car equipment of the Canadian National amounts to 117,600 cars, the freight cars used for coal would be only 8½ per cent. of the total.

But, in 1926, the total freight car repair costs of the National system were only $17,660,487. This figure includes maintenance, the cost of office and store staffs, foremen, watchmen and overhead charges.

In other words, in attempting to find out the exact and actual cost of carrying coal to the east, the Railway Board has added in freight car repair costs at the rate, taking it on an annual basis, of 24 per cent. Using only 8½ per cent. of the equipment, the coal would pay 24 per cent. of the total charges.

Now, during the present year the box cars which might have been used to carry coal, lay idle on the sidings. They are grain cars and for six months of the year they are simply a useless burden on the railways.

While they lie idle they depreciate in value. Leave a freight car on a siding for months and you ar certainly going to be forced to repair it before you can put it into service again.

To-day the railways are footing large repair bills on these very cars during the months they are out of use while, if coal were being carried, even without profit, the cost of keeping these bills and the net revenues of the railways would be increased by that much money.

It would be an important item. Before the Railway Board, the unofficial estimate of a Canadian National statistician was presented which showed that the proportion of freight car repairs which are most properly considered straight overhead--that is they would continue whether coal moved or whether it did not--amount to about furteen per cent. of the whole.

But, on top of the direct errors in mathematics which give rise to this $1.30 overcharge, there is no allowance whatever made for this.

This matter of freight car repairs is going into great detail here, because it is an intricate as well as an important matter and because there have been a number of inquiries about it since the appearance of the last article.

Railway experts, representing the provinces at the hearing, were amazed to learn that the railways claimed freight cars received excessive damage in long hauls as compared with short ones and local traffic.

It was stated, in all solemnity, that the powerful locomotives on long hauls pulled the cars to pieces. It was also declared, with equal dignity and with no signs of laughter, that, in switching at terminals and way stations, with local traffic, the cars were handled gently.

It is only necessary to watch a way-freight come in to realize that this announcement violates all common sense. The cars may be handled gently but the crash, when a switch is made, can be heard a mile away.

If this were true, it would make the enormous use of very powerful locomotives for freight hauls, inadvisable and costly. It would indicate that the present railway policy of increasing length and weight of freight trains by providing more powerful freght locomotives, was crazy.

If complete proof of the lack of fact in this contention is needed, one need only to refer to the through freight schedules between Winnipeg and Fort William at the peak of the rush grain season. Unless "on block" for a passenger train is necessary, a grain train—with its highpower locomotive—automatically clears the city twenty minutes in the twenty-four hours

If there were interruptions due to car damage in transit, it would cause serious derangements in the operating schedules. If this contention, as advanced at the Alberta coal hearings, was correct, there would be many interruptions for repairs. But a break-down rarely occurs and hails for repairs are few and far between.

Yet the Railroad Board considered this seriously and, what is more, admitted it, even though it refutes the experiences of transportation officers everywhere.

They admitted it because the railways' representatives at the hearings said this certain officials—who were not named—had said to them, that this was the case. Certainly, the names of the officials would not be given. No outstanding railroader would care to have his name attached to a theory as absurd as this one and have it publicly announced that this was his belief.

When the hearings before the Railway Board were concluded, the representatives of Ontario and Alberta were jubilant. Various prominent Canadians who were interested in keeping the millions of coal-money within the Dominion and were boosting for Canadian fuel for Canadians, thought the case was won.

After going over and over the figures presented to the Board, examining and re-examining the evidence, they were convinced that only one report was possible and that a report declaring that the actual cost of bringing western coal to central Canada was less than $7 per ton.

Then the majority and minority reports did happen. The majority—two of the three commissioners who heard the case—reported that $7.22 per ton was the cost. The minority report—that of the third commissioner—set the figure at $6.50 per ton.

Momentarily, the supporters of the movement were astounded. But this temporary set-back has proved to be a blessing in disguise. It has given Canadians as a whole a basis on which to work, presented them with sets of statistics which they themselves can examine.

Examinations of these figures, moreover, has demonstrated conclusively their main contention which is that Canadian householders not only should, but could, use Canadian coal in their homes. The principle is economically sound.

Only a decision of the Federal House can be appealed. The coal and Ontario furnaces and, at this coming session, the question of that decision will be dealt with in detail.

(Next week the fourth article in this series, dealing with still another aspect of the famous $7.22 report, will appear here.)


**Skates Sharpened.**

If you want to be absolutely sure that your skates are properly ground, leave them at the work shop of Harry Vine, on Bridge street. Satisfaction guaranteed and prompt service. 6



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This is the season for Oyster Suppers. Don't wait you may be too late. Get your quantity order in **now.**

We also sell B. C. Salmon and Fresh White Fish.

**Perry's Grocery**
'Phone 130.


## GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon by Rev. J. S. Harrington, M.A., of Toronto, representing the Upper Canada Bible Society.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon by the minister. Subject, "Methusaleh."
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday. 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting and Bible Study.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

## BAY CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church: Public Worship 11 a.m.
Bethany Church: Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Anderson Church: Public Worship 7.30 p.m.


**Wanted.**

Clothes cleaned and pressed at the house, Bridge street, East. 7-cp A. S. HAMILTON.

**Blacksmiths !**

**Just received a carload of amithing coal, and its the best quality that can be purchased. NAPANEE FUEL & SUPPLY CO. Phone 92. A Black Business Handled White. 8-a**


**Annual Meeting.**

The annual meeting of the Napanee Cemetery Company, "Riverside," will be held in the Council Chamber, Napanee, on Wednesday, January 25th, 1928, at 2 p.m., for receiving the Auditor's Report and other business. Lot owners are requested to attend.

E. J WALTERS, Pres.
W. H. DUNBAR, Sec'y. 7-b

**Telephone Calls in Case of Fire.**

Some complaints have been heard that the operator in the Telephone Central does not give any information in case of fire. While the Bell Telephone Co. do not refuse information, it is impossible for the night operator to handle the number of calls which she would have in case of fire and in case of any other emergency call, a doctor or police wanted. The operator would be liable for censure if calls of this nature were promptly answered, therefore it is necessary, especially it night, that inquiries about fire calls should not be made to central.

**New Undertakers.**

In this issue appears an announcement of a new firm, as a result of introduction, if this be necessary, as Mr. VanLuven and Mr. Wartman are already well known. Mr. VanLuven has been a citizen of our town for nine years, promoting the sale of some of the leading pianos. Before coming to town he was with VanLuven Bros., a well known firm throughout these counties, carrying on Undertaking business as well as furniture lines. Mr. Wartman belongs to one of the oldest and best known families of Newburgh, and has been in the undertaking business at Newburgh for some time. Both men are licensed Embalmers.

**Firemen's Appreciation.**

The members of the local Fire Company wish to express their warmest appreciation for the many acts of kindness shown them during the period of the destruction by fire of the Rennie block on Sunday evening. They wish to especially thank the popular proprietor of the Paisley House, Mr. Hugh Fitzpatrick, for hot coffee and sandwiches, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Geary for hot coffee ; to the Town Council for a hot dinner at the New York Cafe; to Messrs. Boyle & Son for a supply of good dry mitts ; to Mr. A. E. Caton for a goodly supply of hot jelly buns about 5.30 a.m. and last but not least, to Messrs. Frank McCutcheon nad Archie Denison for keeping their place of business open, and a good, warm fire going, so that the boys might warm and dry themselves, as it was a pretty cold night.

**Empey Hill W.M.S.**

The W. M. S of Empey Hill held their December meeting at the home of Mrs. M. P. Husband, with a good attendance. The meeting was opened by singing Hymn 143, followed by the Lord's Prayer. After the usual business of the meeting, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. Bruce Russell.
1st Vice Pres.—Mrs. Wilbert Winters.
2nd Vice Pres.—Mrs. Bruce Kimmerly.
Cor. Sec'y—Mrs. Sam Winters.
Rec. Sec'y—Mrs. Fred Kimmerly.
Treasurer—Mrs. M. P. Husband.
Organist—Mrs. T. J. Russell.

At the close of the meeting, dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

The January meeting was held on the 4th, at the home of Mrs. Bruce Kimmerly. In the absence of the President, Mrs. Bruce Kimmerly took charge of the meeting, opening with Hymn 391, prayer being offered by Mrs. Chester Kimmerly, one of the oldest members of the Society. It was decided at this meeting that some member have the meeting in their home each month of the year. At the close of the meeting Mrs. Kimmerly served refreshments. There was a good attendance and a good collection.

The next meeting will be held at Mrs. Wilbert Winter's, on the evening of the 1st of February, as a social evening. There will be a programme and refreshments of pie, cake and sandwiches. Admission 15c. Everybody welcome.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

## TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

Morning service 10.30 a.m.
Evening Service, 7 o'clock.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.

Annual congregational meeting will be held in the Sunday school room at half past seven, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 25th. All members and adherents are urged to attend.

## S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :
Christmas Day services—
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30 a.m.—Matins and Holy Communion.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

**Senate Standing of Two Major Parties is Becoming Closer.**

Time has decimated the Conservative numbers in the Senate until the powerful majority in the upper house in 1921 has been reduced to six. Both parties are approaching equality in numbers. With the filling of three vacancies on Tuesday the party standing is now ; Conservative 51, Liberal 43, Progressive 1, and vacant 1. The vacant seat is from the province of Quebec. In the Senate as in the Commons, there is always an absentee list so the actual number of majorities or minorities cannot be assumed to be inflexible.

**Empey Hill Ladies 'Aid.**

The monthly meeting of the Empey Hill Ladies' Aid was held at the home of Mrs. M. P. Husband on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10th. During the business portion of the roads the attendance was somewhat smaller than usual. The meeting was opened with singing, followed by the Lord's Prayer. The Scripture Lesson was read by Mrs. R. Taylor. Readings were given by Mrs. O. E. Ashley, Mrs. J. N. Mowers, Mrs. J. Gibson and Mrs. R. McFarlane. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary, Mrs. R. McFarlane and adopted. Plans were completed for the oyster supper which is being held by the congregation in the church on Friday evening, for which a good program is being prepared. It was decided to invest in some new dishes and a committee was appointed to purchase them. It was decided to give a play this winter and those taking part are busily engaged. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting, after which a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Husband for their hospitality.

**Livestock Marketing Contract.**

Farmers throughout Ontario will be give nan opportunity of marketing their cattle, sheep and hogs on a strictly co-operative basis. The shareholders of The Farmers' Co-operative Company, Limited, at their Annual Meeting a few weeks ago, gave the directors authority to endeavour to get a contract to discuss the Hog Pool and Live Stock Contract, and then to organize, if those seem to sell their live stock approve of this new system of marketing, which has been adopted with such satisfaction in the farmer in recent years. The Directors met December 20th to 22nd, and decided to ask each county to send a representative to confer with the Company directors in Toronto on January 24th. In the short time that remains before the conference it will be impossible to give assistance to all counties. Arrangements are being made, however, for meetings in Dufferin, Grey and Simcoe at which to discuss this method of marketing, and answer questions. Leaders of the farmer movement in other counties are urged to see that their county is represented by a strong delegate at the Toronto meeting on January 24th. Details will there be worked out for local meetings and a campaign for membership.

**Officers Installed.**

The semi-annual installation of the officers of the two I.O.O.F. lodges was held in the rooms of Argyll Lodge on Thursday evening. Bro. E. K. Walker, D.D.G. M., assisted by brothers from Yarker lodge, conducted the ceremony. The following officers were installed :

Napanee Lodge No.386 :—
J. P. G.—A. E. Cook.
N. G.—Jas. McGillivray.
V. G.—Stewart Shetlor.
Rec.—Sec'y—F. W. Barrett.
Fin. Sec'y—U. M. Wilson.
Treas.—Wm. VanDusen.
R.S.N.G.—H. Seymour.
L.S.N.G.—W. F. Barrett.
R.S.V.G.—E Vanmeer
Conductor—F. Giles.
Chaplain—A. J. Snider.
L.S.S.—F. Cook.
R.S.S.—F. Knox.
I.G.—H Ohlman.
O. G.—R. S. Ham.
Warden—H. Ker.

Argyll Lodge No. 212 :—
J. P. G.—Wm. Gault.
N. G.—Arnold Rogers.
V. G.—Mac Hemerigan.
Rec. Sec'y—E. J. Walters.
Fin. Sec'y—H. M. Scott.
Treas.—F. S. Scott.
R. S. N. G.—J. S. Douglas.
L. S. N. G.—J. A. Birrell.
R. S. V. G.—A. Ford.
L. S. V. G.—H. Woodcock
R. S. S.—J. W. Thompson.
L. S. S.—L. Richardson.
Chap.—W. Sexsmith.
Warden—Clarence Drew.
Conductor—C. N. Loucks.
O. G.—A. Pybus.
I. G.—R. Woodcock.

Following the ceremony light refreshments were served and a short entertainment provided.

**Opportunity.**

To those interested in securing a radio, we have at present the following well known Radios, which have been used a short time and are in A1 condition—at greatly reduced prices :

1 Stromberg-Carlson, 6 tubes.
1 Atwater-Kent, 6 tubes.
1 Freed Eisemann, 5 tubes.

Also bargains in table, cone and horn speakers.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.


**ASSURANCE**

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction.

We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
GENERAL AGENTS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
PHONE 205


**Advisory Board of Boys' Athletic Association.**

Napanee has started another forward movement—this time in favor of the boys of the vicinity who are organized as the Boys' Athletic Association. Through the efforts of Mr. L. S. Beattie a meeting was held last Friday, Jan. 13th, in which prominent men of the town expressed keen interest in furthering the welfare of all boys of Napanee between the ages of 15 and 19, along recreational lines. A general committee was drawn up of men who are going to act—in both words and deeds—as supervisors for such sports as basketball, hockey and later volleyball and boxing. That these men are willing to spend some of their time up at the Collegiate gymnasium or the rink, speaks itself for, the spirit with which they are going to stimulate healthy sports among the younger generation. This good work will receive financial support from personal donations, the Rotary Club, and the boys themselves for their membership fee to the Boys' Association. The executive of the Advisory Board consists of :

Chairman—F. S. Boyes.
Vice Chairman—A. L. Dafoe.
Sec.-Treas.—C. A. Shoemaker.
General Committee—W. G. Cowle, J. H. Moffat, L. S. Beattie, Harry Scott, W. G. MacKenzie, J. McPherson, F. J. Bell, Rev. A. J. Wilson, G. W. Gibbard, J. Laughland and J. L. Murray.

Schedules are already being drawn up by Mr. Murray for basketball, and Mr. Dafoe for hockey while supervisors arranged for Tuesday and Thursday nights at the gymnasium by Mr. MacKenzie


**WONDERLAND**

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

**One Show only at 8 o'clock. Special Matinee Wednesday, 2.30.**

The screen version of one of the most popular romantic action novels in recent years, "BEAU GESTE." This thrilling story of romance, mystery and adventure in the French Foreign Legion, with the theme of devotion of three brothers powerfully depicted, has been transferred to the screen by Paramount on a scale never surpassed by any previous production.

Matinee : Children, 15c; Adults 25c.
Evenings : Children, 25c. ; Adults, 40c.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

A special selected feature.
Also a good comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

The most unusual Indian battle scenes ever filmed will be seen in "THE FRONTIERSMAN," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

Also a special comedy.



**GEO. TUSTIN, Prop**
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.



**EVEN RICE HURT GIRL'S STOMACH**

"I had indigestion so bad I was afraid to eat even rice. Adlerika has done me so much good that now I eat anything."—Ardenia Howard.

Adlerika relieves stomach gas and sourness in TEN minutes. Acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel, it removes old waste matter you never thought was in your system. Let Adlerika give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleansing and see how much better you will feel. It will surprise you! Wallace's Drug Store.



Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

**Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.**

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*Cash - and - Delivery*

'Phone Your Orders--We will Deliver Them

Sheriff's Jelly Powder with Spoon, Tumbler, Cup, Saucer, 24c.
Corn Starch, 3 pkgs. 25c. Lux Toilet Soap, 3 cakes 25c.
Clark's Soups, 10c. tin.
VITONE, Malt Chocolate Flavor, large tin 59c., small tin 35c.
Shredded Wheat, 2 for 25c.
Canned Tomatoes, **Choice,** 2 tins for 25c.
Canned Baked Beans, 3 tins for 25c.
Sardines, **Jutland,** 3 tins for 25c.
Breakfast Bacon, machine sliced, 35c. per lb.

FRESH FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

Oranges, Grapes, Grape Fruit, Bananas, Lettuce, Celery, Spinnach, Peppers, Parsley, Tomatoes

APEX CANNED GOODS

A full line of above goods always in stock, including Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Soup, and Fruits.

Our Coffee is always good. Freshly ground 60c. lb.

**Come in and see our daily special.**



**VanLuven & Wartman**

**A New Firm—Not New Men nor a New Business**

**H. L. VanLuven, of Napanee, and Ward R. Wartman, of Newburgh, will occupy the store now occupied by Mr. Oliver on Dundas St., as soon after February the 1st as necessary improvements can be completed, and are prepared to tender prompt, courteous, and efficient Funeral Service.**

**Mr. VanLuven will continue to promote the sale of High Grade Pianos.**

**Mr. Wartman has been serving the people of Newburgh for some time, and this service will be continued.**



**The Most Liquid Investment**

A SAVINGS Bank Account is primarily an investment. But it is the only investment yielding a fair rate of interest, that is available for your use at a moment's notice. Emergencies can be immediately met by the bank account that has been consistently developed. Your investment, as such, yields regular returns in interest. Your investment as a bank account yields constant satisfaction and peace of mind in the knowledge that it is always ready for other uses without the trouble of converting into cash.

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ESTABLISHED 1873

H. R. McHOULL
*Manager, Napanee Branch*
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

# Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

## The Great Conservation Novel

By HAMLIN GARLAND

opyright. 1910. by Hamlin Garland

Cavanagh waited till a silence came, then called softly, "Here's your breakfast, Wetherford."

"Move away," retorted the man within. "Keep your distance."

Ross walked away a little space, and Wetherford came to the door. "The dago is sure sick. There's no two ways about that. How far is it to the nearest doctor?"

"I could reach one by phone from the Kettle ranch, about twenty miles below here."

"If he don't get better today I reckon we'll have to have a doctor." He looked so white and old that Cavanagh said:

"You need rest. Now, I think I've had the smallpox. I know I've been vaccinated, and if you go to bed"—

"If you're saying all that preliminary to offering to come in here you're wasting your breath. I don't intend to let you come any nearer than you are. There is work for you to do. Besides, there's my girl. You're detailed to look after her."

"Would a doctor come?" asked Ross quite huskily, moved by Wetherford's words. "It's a hard climb. Would they think the dago worth it?"

Wetherford's face darkened with a look of doubt. "It is a hard trip for a city man, but maybe he would come for you—for the government."

"I doubt it, even if I were to offer my next month's salary as a fee. These hills are very remote to the townsfolk and one dago more or less of no importance, but I'll see what I can do."

Ross was really more concerned for Wetherford himself than for the Basque. "If the fever is something malignant we must have medical aid," he said and went slowly back to his own camp to ponder his puzzling problem.

One thing could certainly be done, and that was to inform Gregg and Murphy of their herder's illness. Surely they would come to the rescue of the cattle and his flock. To reach a telephone involved either a ride over into Dee Creek or a return to the Fork. He was tempted to ride all the way to the Fork, for to do so would permit another meeting with Lee. But to do this would require many hours longer, and half a day's delay might prove fatal to the Basque, and, besides, each hour of loneliness and toil rendered Wetherford just so much more open to the deadly attack of the disease.

It was hard to leave an old and broken man in such a drear and wind cemented spot, and yet it had to be done; so, fastening his tent securely behind a clump of junipers, Cavanagh mounted his horse and rode away across the boundary of the forest into Deer Creek basin, which had been the bone of much contention for nearly four years. It had once been a part of the forest, but under pressure the president had permitted it to be restored to the public lands open for entry. It was not "agricultural grounds," as certain ranchers claimed, but it was excellent summer pasture, and the sheepmen and cattlemen had leaped at once into warfare to possess it. Sheep were beaten to death with clubs by hundreds, herders were hustled out of the park with ropes about their necks and their outfits destroyed, and all this within a few miles of the forest boundary, where one small sentinel kept effective watch and ward.

Cavanagh had never been over this trail but once, and he was trying to locate the cliff from which a flock of sheep had been hurled by cattlemen some years before when he perceived a thin column of smoke rising from a rocky hillside. With habitual watchfulness as to fire, he raised his glass to his eyes and studied the spot. It was evidently a campfire and smoldering dangerously, and, turning his

HE PERCEIVED A CHARRED HAND

horse's head, he rode toward it to stamp it out. It was not upon his patrol, but that did not matter. His duty was clear.

As he drew near he began to perceive signs of a broken camp. The ground was littered with utensils. It was not an ordinary campfire, and the ranger's heart quickened. "Another sheep herder has been driven out and his tent and provisions burned!" he exclaimed wrathfully.

His horse snorted and shied as he rode nearer, and then a shudder passed through the ranger's heart as he perceived in the ashes of the smoldering embers a boot heel and then—*a charred hand!* In the smoke of that fire was the reek of human flesh.

For a long time the ranger sat on his horse, peering down into those ashes until at last it became evident to his eyes that at least two sheep herders had been sacrificed on the cattleman's altar of hate and greed.

All about on the sod the story was written all too plain. Two men, possibly three, had been murdered, cut to pieces and burned not many hours before. There stood the bloody spade with which the bodies had been dismembered, and there lay an empty can whose oil had been poured upon the mingled camp utensils, tent and wagon of the herders in the attempt to incinerate the hacked and dismembered limbs of the victims. The lawlessness of the range had culminated. The ferocity of the herder had gone beyond the savage. Here in the sweet autumn air the reek of the cattleman's vengeance rose like some hideous vapor, poisonous and obscene.

The ranger sickened as the bloody tale unfolded itself before him. Then a fierce hate of such warfare flamed in his heart. Could this enormity be committed under any civilized flag? Would any other government interminate so foolishly, so childishly, its state and federal authority as to permit such disbelief?

In his horror, his sense of revolt, he cursed the state of which he was a citizen. He would have resigned his commission at the moment, so intense was his resentment of the stupid, cruel, less, jovial, slattern government under which he was serving.

"By the Lord," he breathed, with solemn intensity, "I'll make this shame the people of this state into revolt, if these fiends are not hounded and hung. I will myself harry them! I cannot live and do my duty here on less this crime is avenged by law."

Chilled, shaking and numb, he set spurs to his horse and rode furiously down the trail toward the nearest town, so eager to spread the alarm that he could scarcely breathe or stop breath. On the steep slopes he was forced to walk, and his horse led so badly that his agony of impatience was deepened. He had visions of the murderers riding fast into far countries. Each hour made their apprehension progressively the more difficult.

"Who were they?" he asked himself again and again. "What kind of man did this thing? Was the leader a man like Ballard? Even so, he was hired. By whom? By ranchers desirous of the range; that was absolutely certain."

It was long after noon before he came to the end of the telephone line at a little store and postoffice in the upper falls of Deer creek. The telephone had a booth fortunately, and he soon had Redfield's ear, but his voice was so strained and unnatural that his chief did not recognize it.

"Is that you, Ross? What's the matter? Your voice sounds hoarse."

Ross composed himself and told his story briefly. "I'm at Kettle Ranch postoffice. Now listen. The limit of the cattleman's ferocity has been reached. As I rode down here to get into communication with a doctor for a sick herder I came upon the scene of another murder and burning. The fire is still smoldering. At least two bodies are in the ashes."

At last, bit by bit, from hurried speech, the supervisor derived the fact, the location, the hour, and directed the herder to ride back and protect the remains till the sheriff arrived.

"Keep it all quiet," warned Ross, "and get the sheriff and a doctor to come up here as quick as you can. What is this country coming to?" he cried in despair. "Will this deed go unpunished like the rest?"

Redfield's voice had lost its optimist ring. "I don't know. I'm afraid by it all. Don't do anything rash, Ross. Wait till I come. Perhaps this is the turning point out here. I'll be up at the earliest moment."

The embittered ranger disheartened ranger then called up Lee Virginia, and the sound of her sweet voice turned his thoughts to other and in a sense more important matters, for when she heard his name she cried out with such eager longing and appeal that his heart leaped. "Oh, I wish you were here! Mother has been worse today. She is asking for you. Can't you come down and see us? She wants to tell you something."

"I can't—I can't!" he stammered. "I—I—I'm a long way off, and I have important work to do. Tell her I will come tomorrow. Dear girl, there is a sick man far up on the mountain side with no one to care for him but a poor old herder who is in danger of being sick himself. I must go back to them; but, believe me, I will come just as soon as my duties will let me. You understand me, don't you?"

Her voice was fainter as she said, "Yes, but I—it seems hard to wait."

"I know. Your voice has helped me. I was in a black mood when I came here. I'm going back now to do my work, and then I will come to you. Goodby."

Strangely beautiful and very subtle was the vibrant stir of that wire as it conveyed back to his ear the little sigh with which she made answer to his plea. He took his way upward in a mood which was meditative, but no longer bitter.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### SHADOWS ON THE MIST.

THE decision which Cavanagh made between love and duty distinguished the officer from the man, the soldier from the civilian. He did not hesitate to act, and yet he suffered a mental conflict as he rode back toward the scene of that inhuman sacrifice on the altar of greed.

"It will be hours before any part of the sheriff's posse can reach the fire, even though they take to the swiftest motors, and then other long hours must intervene before I can ride down to her. Yes, at least a day and a night must drag their slow course before I can hope to be of service to her." And the thought drew a groan of anxiety from him. At such moments of mental stress the trail is a torture and the mountain side an inexorable barrier.

Halfway to the hills he was intercepted by an old man who was at work on an irrigating ditch beside the road. He seemed very nervous and very inquisitive, and as he questioned the ranger his eyes were like those of a dog that fears his master's hand. Ross wondered about this afterward, but at the moment his mind was busy with the significance of this patient toiler with a spade. He was a prophetic figure in the most picturesque and sterile land of the stockman. Here, within twenty miles of this peaceful fruit grower, he said, "is the crowning infamy of the freebooting cowboy."

He wondered as he rode on whether the papers of the state would make a jest of this deed. "Will this be made the theme for caustic comment in the eastern press for a day and then be forgotten?"

As his hot blood cooled he lost faith in even this sacrifice. Could anything change the leopard west into the innocent serenity of the ox? "No," he decided; "nothing but death will do that. This generation, these fierce and bloody hearts, must die. Only in that way can the tradition of cheapre be overcome and a new order reared."

At the foot of the hillsome, upward winding trail he dismounted and led his weary horse. Over his head and about halfway to the first hilltop lay a roof of dense smoke, faint purple in color and seamless in texture. Through this he must pass, and it symbolized to him the line of demarcation between the plain and the mountain, between order and violence.

Slowly he led his horse along the mountain side, grasping with eager desire at every changing aspect of the marvelous mountain scene. It was infinitely more gorgeous, more compelling, than his moonlight experience the night before.

As he led his horse out upon a projecting point of rocky ledge to rest his love for the range came back upon him with such power that tears misted his eyes and his throat ached. "Where else will I find this beauty?" he asked himself. "Where in all the lowlands could such splendors shine? How can I leave this high world in which these wide breaths give me joy? I will not! Here will I bring my bride and build my home. This is my world."

But the mist grew gray, the sunrole of fire faded, the sun went down behind the hills, and the chill of evening deepened on the trail, and as he approached the scene of man's inhumanity to man the thought of camping there beside those charred limbs called for heroic resolution. He was hungry, too, and as the air pinched he shivered.

"At the best the sheriff cannot reach here before midnight," he said, and settled down to his unsought, revolting vigil.

His one relief lay in the mental composition of a long letter to Lee Virginia, whose life at that moment was a comfort to him. "If such purity, such sweetness, can come from violence and calamity then surely a new and splendid state can rise even out of the ashes of these murdered men. Perhaps this is the end of the old," he mused, "perhaps this is the beginning of the new." And he pondered the last faint crimson died out of the west. "So must the hate and violence die out of America," he said, "leaving the clear, sweet air of liberty behind." He was near to the poet at the moment, for he was also the lover. His allegiance to the great republic stood the test. His faith in democracy was unshaken, not destroyed. "I will wait," he decided. "This shall be the sign. If this deed goes unavenged then will I put off my badge and my uniform and go back to the land where for a hundred years no such deeds as these have been impossible."

He built a fire as night fell to serve both as a beacon and as a defense against the cold. He felt himself terribly remote in this vigil. From his far height he looked abroad upon the tumbled plain as if upon an ocean dimly perceptible, yet august. "At this moment," he said, "farmers and perhaps guilty eyes are wondering what my spark of firelight may mean."

His mind went again and again to that tall old man in the ditch. What was the meaning of his anxiety and his scrowlful glance? Why should one so peacefully employed at such a time and in such a place wear the look of a hunted deer? What meant the tremor in his voice?

Was it possible that one so gentle should have taken part in this deed? "Preposterous suspicion, and yet he had a guilty look."

At last, far in the night, he heard the snort of a horse and the sound of voices. The law (such as it was) was creeping up the mountain side in the person of the sheriff of Chauvenet county and was about to relieve the ranger from his painful responsibility as guardian of the dead.

At last he came, this officer of the law, attended like a Cheyenne chief by a dozen lesser warriors of various conditions and kinds, but among them —indeed, second only to the sheriff—was Hugh Redfield, the forest supervisor, hot and eager with haste.

As they rode up to the fire the officer called out: "Howdy, ranger? How about it?"

Ross stated briefly, succinctly, what he had discovered and as he talked other riders came up the hill and gathered closely around to listen in wordless silence—in guilty silence, the ranger could not help believing.

Redfield spoke. "Sheriff Van Horne, you and I have been running cattle in this country for nearly thirty years, and we've witnessed all kinds of shooting and several kinds of hanging, but when it comes to chopping and burning men I get off. I shall personally offer a reward of $1,000 for the apprehension of these miscreants, and I hope you'll make it your solemn duty to hunt them to earth."

"You won't have far to go," remarked Ross significantly.

"What do you mean?" asked the sheriff.

"I mean this slaughter, like the others that have taken place, was the work of cattlemen who claim this range. Their names are known to us all."

A silence followed—so deep a silence that the ranger was convinced of the fact that in the circle of his listeners stood those who, if they had not shared in the slaughter, at least knew the names of the guilty men.

At last the sheriff spoke, this time with a sigh. "I hope you're all wrong, Cavanagh. I'd hate to think any constituent of mine had sanctioned this job. Give me that lantern, Curtis."

The group of riders dismounted and followed the sheriff over to the gruesome spot, but Redfield stayed with the ranger.

"Have you any suspicion, Ross?"

"No, hardly a suspicion. However, you know as well as I that this was not a sudden outbreak. This deed was planned. It represents the feeling of many cattlemen—in everything but the extra horror of its execution. That was the work of drunken, infuriated men. But I am more deeply concerned over Miss Wetherford's distress. Did she reach you by telephone tonight?"

"No. What's the trouble?"

"Her mother is down again. I telephoned her, and she asked me to come to her, but I cannot go, for I have a case of smallpox up on the hill. Ambro, the Basque herder, is down with it, and another herder is up there along with him. I must go back to them. But meanwhile I wish you would go to the Fork and see what you can do for her."

His voice, filled with emotion, touched Redfield, and he said, "Can't I go to the relief of the herder?"

"No; you must not think of it. You are a man with a family. But if you can find any one who has had the smallpox send him up. The old herder who is nursing the patient is not strong and may drop at any moment. Then it's up to me."

The men came back to the campfire conversing in low tones, some of them cursing in tones of awe. One or two of them were small farmers from Deer Creek, recent comers to the state, or men with bunches of milk cows, and to them this deed was awesome.

**The sheriff followed, saying: "Well, there's nothing to do but wait till morning. The rest of you men better go home. You can't be of any use here."**

For more than three hours the sheriff and Redfield sat with the ranger, waiting for daylight, and during this time the name of every man in the region was brought up and discussed. Among others, Ross mentioned the old man in the ditch.

"He wouldn't hurt a bumblebee," declared the sheriff. "He's got a bunch of cattle, but he's the mildest old man in the state. He's the last rancher in the country to even stand for such work. What made you mention him?"

"I passed him as I was riding back," replied Cavanagh, "and he had a scared look in his eyes."

The sheriff grunted. "You imagined all that. The old chap always has a kind of meek look."

It was nearly noon of a glorious day as Cavanagh, very tired and very hungry, rode up to the sheep herder's tent. Wetherford was sitting in the sun, calmly smoking his pipe, the sheep were feeding not far away, attended by the dog, and an air of peace covered his sunlit rocky world.

"How is the Basque?" asked the ranger.

Wetherford pointed upward. "All over."

"Then it wasn't smallpox?"

"I reckon that was what it was; it sure was fierce. I judge it's a case of injun burial—no ceremony—right here in the rocks. I'll let you dig the hole (I'm just about all in), but mind you keep a sharp lookout all the time. I don't want you spotted."

Cavanagh understood the necessity for these precautions, but first of all came his own need of food and rest. Turning to the tired horse, he stretched himself along a grassy, sunny cranny between the rocks and there ate and afterward slept, while all about him the lambs called and the coules whined.

He was awakened by a pebble tossed upon him, and when he arose, stiff and sore, but feeling stronger and in better temper, the sun was wearing low in the west. At his task, he threw the loose rock out of a hollow in the ledge near by, and to this rude sepulcher Wetherford dragged the dead man, refusing all aid, and there piled a cairn of rocks above his grave.

The ranger took a hand at the end and rolled some huge bowlders upon the grave to insure the wolves' defeat.

"Now burn the bedding," he commanded. "The whole camp has got to go, and your clothing, too, after we get down the hill."

"What will we do with the sheep?"

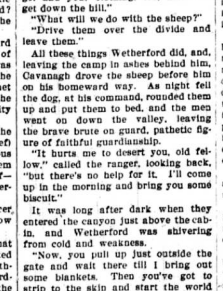
"Drive them over the divide and leave them."

All these things Wetherford did, and, leaving the camp in ashes behind him, Cavanagh drove the sheep before him on his homeward way. As night fell on the dog, at his command, rounded them up and put them to bed, and the men went on down the valley, leaving the brave brute on guard, pathetic figure of faithful guardianship.

"It hurts me to desert you, old fellow," called the ranger, looking back, "but there's no help for it. I'll come up in the morning and bring you some biscuit."

It was long after dark when they entered the canyon just above the cabin, and Wetherford was shivering from cold and weakness.

"Now, you pull up just outside the gate and wait there till I bring out some blankets. Then you've got to strip to the skin and start the world



"ALL OVER."

all over again," said Cavanagh. "I'll build a fire here, and we'll cremate your past. How about it?"

"I'm willing," responded Wetherford. "You can burn everything that belongs to me but my wife and my girl."

All through the ceremony which followed ran this self-banter. "I'll be all ranger, barring a commission," he said, with a grin as he put on the yellow shirt and a pair of dark green trousers. "And here goes my past!" he added as he tossed his contaminated rags upon the fire.

"What a corking opportunity to make a fresh start," commented Cavanagh. "I hope you see it."

"I see it, but it's hard to live up to your mark."

When every precaution had been taken the ranger led the freshly scrubbed, scoured and transformed fugitive to his cabin.

"Why, man, you're fit for the state legislature," he exclaimed as they came into the full light. "My clothes don't precisely meet every demand you make upon them, but they give you an air of command. I wish your wife could see you now." Then, seeing that Wetherford was really in earnest, he added: "You can stay with me as long as you wish. Perhaps in time you might be able to work into the service as a guard, although the chief is getting more and more insistent on real forest."

There were tears in Wetherford's eyes as he said: "You cannot realize what this clean, warm uniform means to me. For nine years, I wore the prison stripe. It is ten years since I was dressed like a man."

"You need not worry about food or shelter for the present," replied Cavanagh gently. "Grub is not costly here, and house rent is less than nominal, so make yourself at home and get strong."

Wetherford lifted his head. "But I want to do something. I want to redeem myself in some way. I don't want my girl to know who I am, but I'd like to win her respect. I can't be what you say she thinks I was, but if I have a chance I might also myself a man again. I wouldn't mind Lize knowing that I am alive. It might be a comfort to her. But I don't want even her to know till I can go to her with head erect."

"She's pretty sick," said Cavanagh, "I telephoned Lee Virginia last night, and if you wish you may ride down with me tomorrow morning."

The man's face fell a-tremble. "I daren't do that. I can't bear to tell her where I've been."

"She needn't know. I will tell her you're dead, or your mind. I'll say anything you wish. You can go to her in the clothes you have on if you like. She will not recognize you as the prisoner I held the other night. You can leave your name unspoken and, not even the justice will know you."

All reserve had vanished out of the convict's heart, and with choking voice he thanked his guardian. "I'll be as dumb as a dumbbell to you," he declared in a firmer voice. "And if my lung holds out I'll show you I'm not the total loss that I 'pear to be."

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### CAVANAGH FOLLOWS HIS CHIEF.

AT breakfast next morning Cavanagh said: "I must ride back and take some bread to the dog. I can't go away and leave him there without saying hello."

"Let me go with you," suggested Wetherford. "I'm afraid to go down to the Fork. I reckon I'd better go back and tend the sheep till Gregg sends some one up to take my place."

Ross was quite late to see Lize. Lee's voice showed great anxiety. She may be on her deathbed. No; you'd better go down with me today," he urged. And at last the old man consented.

Putting some bread in his pockets, Ross rode off up the trail to see how the dog and his flock were faring. He had not gone far when he heard the tinkle of the bells and the clamor of the dog, and in a few moments later the collie came toward him with the air of a boy who, having assumed to disregard the orders of his master, expects a scolding. He plainly said: "I've brought the sheep to you because I was lonesome. Please forgive me."

Cavanagh called to him cheerily and tossed him a piece of bread, which he caught in his teeth, but did not swallow. On the contrary he held it while leaping for joy of the praise he heard in his new found master's voice.

Turning the flock upward toward the higher peaks, the ranger commanded the dog to follow and so, having redeemed his promise, rode back to the cabin, where he found Wetherford saddled and ready for his momentous trip to the valley. He had shaved away his gray beard, and had Ross been unprepared for these changes he would have been puzzled to account for this decidedly military figure sitting statuesquely on his pony before the door.

"You can prove an alibi," he said as he drew near. "Gregg himself would never recognize you now."

Wetherford was in no mood for joking. "Lize will. I wore a mustache in the old days, and there's a scar on my chin."

As he rode he confided this strange thing to Cavanagh. "I know," said he, "that Lize is old and wrinkled, for I've seen her, but all the same I can't realize it. That heavy set woman down there is not Lize. My Lize is slim and straight. This woman whom you know has stolen her name and face, that's all. I can't explain exactly what I feel, but Lee Virginia means more to me now than Lize."

"I think I understand you," said Cavanagh, with sympathy in his voice.

The nearer Wetherford came to the actual meeting with his wife the more he shook. At last he stopped in the road. "I don't believe I can do it," he declared. "I'll be like a ghost to her. What's the use of it? She'll only be worried by my story. I reckon I'd better keep dark to everybody. Let me go back. I'm plum scared cold."

While still he argued two men on horseback rounded a sharp turn in the trail and came face to face with the ranger. Wetherford's face went suddenly gray. "There's the deputy!"

"Keep quiet. I'll do the talking," commanded Cavanagh, who was instant in his determination to shield the man. "Good morning, gentlemen," he called cheerily. "You're abroad early!"

The man in front was the deputy sheriff of the county; his companion was a stranger.

(Continued on page 6)

## Farmers to Honor Memory of Empire's Soldiers

Honor to the memory of the Empire's soldier dead will be offered by the members of the Canadian Farmer's Marketing tour which is now proceeding overseas under the auspices of the Canadian National Railways. A huge wreath, six feet in diameter, beautiful in design and bearing the crests of each province, intertwined with characteristic foliage, has been made in Montreal and will be deposited at the cenotaph in London this month during the party's visit there.

The wreath is the property being inspected by W. D. Robb, vice-president of the Canadian National Railways in charge of colonization and agriculture, before the departure of the party from Montreal.

## BEAUTIFYING THE CAPITAL

### Many Changes In Contour of Ottawa Proposed by Improvement Commission.

The city of Ottawa is taking on a new aspect. The Dominion Government is taking definite steps toward the remolding of the central parts of the city and the next few years will find the capital of Canada assuming new urban dignities. Entire city blocks have been expropriated, new parks and plazas created and imposing Government buildings projected as part of the immediate program.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as Prime Minister, created the Ottawa Improvement Commission thirty years ago with a view to preserving the natural beauties of the city, and that body spent nearly three and a half million dollars before its work concluded early in 1927. A new organization, the Federal District Commission, has taken its place with increased powers and increased funds to expend.

The first commission devoted itself mostly to the creation of parks and driveways throughout the city and it now controls ten parks, six driveways, seven bridges as well as greenhouses and playgrounds. The commission created last year has given most of its attention so far to the centre of the city, where the business buildings were threatening to encroach on the approaches to Parliament Hill, the very heart of Canada's government.

Connaught Place, the central plaza on which face the Union Station, the Chateau Laurier Hotel and the post office, is being extended several hundred feet westward by tearing down almost an entire city block. The result will be that Ottawa will have one of the great city squares of the world almost at the foot of Parliament Hill.

The city post office is to be allowed to stand until it outlives its present usefulness and it will occupy a rather isolated position in the open space but eventually it too will go and a wide sweeping vista of the city as well as the skyline of the Laurentians will present itself to visitor arriving in the city.

The century-old Rideau canal bisects the city. The old improvement commission created several miles of driveway and parks along its banks but these improvements stopped short when the waterway slipped into the business section of the city and later joined the Ottawa river. The driveway is now to be extended right up to Connaught Place plaza, and also an artery by which automobiles can come into the downtown section of the city without meeting an important cross street.

The most recent announcement in connection with these plans involves the expropriation and tearing down of an old hotel on Sparks street, the main street of the city. This, too, will have the effect of making a combined park and driveway approach to the seat of government on Parliament Hill. The Federal District Commission naturally does not disclose all its plans but its activities of the past few months have given some indication of the vast undertakings.

The Parliament Buildings occupy a site on a cliff high above the Ottawa river. The land along the river, sloping away on each side from the eminence of Parliament Hill is owned by the Government. New Government buildings, interspersed with parks and plazas will be built there. Already the final plans are being drawn up for a great building, as large as a city block, with towers embodying the French chateau style of architecture and the work is to commence early this year.

The cumulative effect of these changes already announced will be practically the re-creation of a city. Over a period of thirty years Ottawa will be allowed to grow practically unrestricted, but the future is now definitely plotted out and a capital not only in name but in appearance is destined to emerge within this generation.

#### The Dean's Joke.

Dean Hole of Rochester, England, and Mrs. Hole once landed at Dover, much exhausted, having had a rough Channel crossing. To fill out the time of waiting for the train the dean perused over the railway regulations.

"Ah," he said, addressing the station inspector, "it's one consolation after such a crossing and this three some wait that we go back half price!"

"I don't understand, sir," was the official reply; "there is no special reduction."

"Oh, yes, there is!" said the dean. "I've just been reading all your notices, and you state that you take returned empties at a much reduced rate!"

#### Shops In Canada.

There are 66,814 stores or shops in Canada in which merchandise is sold. The total capital investment of these establishments is $1,580,-123,723, according to a recent compilation by the Canadian Government Bureau of Statistics. The amount invested in retail stores is $914,990,-830; in wholesale, $476,559,544; in stores doing both a retail and wholesale business, $188,573,349.

#### Dogs In Britain.

Britain has more than half a million dogs in excess of the number four years ago. The revenue from licenses now amounts to £1,974,4?9 a year.

An air line between Halifax and New York City for freight, express and mail, is being considered by Halifax business interests.


## Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish ? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

## If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

## When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

# Cavanagh Forest Ranger

(Continued from page 5)

"That was a horrible mess you stumbled on over on Deer creek," the deputy remarked.

"It certainly was. Have any arrests been made?"

"Not yet, but we're on a clew. This is Marshal Haines of Dallas, Mr. Cavanagh," murmured the deputy. The two men nodded in token of the introduction, and the deputy went on. "You remember that old cuss that used to work for Gregg?"

Again Cavanagh nodded.

"Well, that chap is wanted by the Texas authorities. Mr. Haines here wants to see him mighty bad. He's an escaped convict with a bad record."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Cavanagh. "I thought he seemed a bit gun shy."

"The last seen of him was when Sam Gregg sent him up to herd sheep. I think he was mixed up in that killing myself—him and Ballard—and they're going up to get some track of him. Didn't turn up at your station, did he?"

"Yes; he came by some days ago, on his way, so he said, to relieve that sick Basque, Ambro. I went up a couple of days ago and found the Basque dead and the old-man gone. I buried the herder the best I could, and I'm on my way down to report the case."

The deputy mused: "He may be hanging round some of the lumber camps. I reckon we had better go up and look the ground over anyhow. We might just chance to overhaul him."

"He may have pulled out over the range," suggested the ranger. "Anyhow, it's a long way up there, and you'll probably have to camp at my place tonight. You'll find the key hanging over the door. Go in and make yourself comfortable."

The deputy thanked him and was about to ride on when Cavanagh added: "I burned that Basque's tent and bedding for fear of contagion. His outfit was worthless anyhow. You'll find the sheep just inside my cabin and the horse in my corral."

"The old man didn't take the horse, eh? Well, that settles it; he's sure at one of the camps. Much obliged. Good day."

As the two officers rode away Wetherford leaned heavily on his pommel and stared at the ranger with wide eyes. His face was drawn and his lips dry. "They'll get me! They'll get me!" he said.

"Oh, no, they won't," rejoined Cavanagh. "You're all right yet. They suspect nothing. How could they, with you in uniform and in my company?"

"All the same, I'm scared. That man Haines had his eye on me every minute. He was right through me. They'll get me, and they'll charge me up with that killing."

"No, they won't, I tell you," insisted the ranger. "Haines suspected nothing. I had his eye. He never saw you before and has nothing but a description to go by, so cheer up. Your uniform and your position with me will make you safe—perfectly safe. They'll find the Basque's camp burned and the sheep in charge of the dog, and they'll fancy that you have skipped across the range. But see here, old man," and he turned on Wetherford sharply, "you didn't tell me the whole truth. You said you were out on parole."

"I couldn't tell you the whole truth," replied the fugitive. "But I will now. I was in for a life sentence. I was desperate for the open air and homesick for the mountains, and I struck down one of the guards. I was willing to do anything to get out. I thought if I could get back to this country and my wife and child I'd be safe. I said I'd be willing to go back to the pen if necessary, but I'm not. I can't die there. I'll die first. You must save me for my girl's sake."

His voice and eyes were wild with a kind of desperate fury of fear, and Cavanagh, moved to pity, assured him of his aid. "Now, listen to me," he said. "I'm going to shield you on account of your work for that poor shepherd and for your daughter's sake. It's my duty to apprehend you, of course, but I'm going to protect you. The safest thing for you to do is to go back to my cabin. Ride slow, so as not to get there till they're gone. They'll ride over to the sawmill without doubt. If they come back this way remember that the deputy saw you only as a ragged old man with a long beard and that Haines has nothing but a printed description to go by. There's no use trying to flee. You are a marked man in that uniform, and you are safer right here with me than anywhere else this side of Chicago. Haines is likely to cross the divide in the belief that you have gone that way, and if he does you have no one but the deputy to deal with."

He succeeded at last in completely rousing the older man's courage.

Wetherford rose to meet his opportunity. "I'll do it," he said firmly.

"That's the talk!" exclaimed Cavanagh to encourage him. "You can throw them off the track this time, and when I come back tomorrow I'll bring some other clothing for you, and then we'll plan some kind of scheme that will get you out of the country. I'll not let them make a scapegoat of you."

The ranger watched the fugitive as he started back over the trail in this desperate defiance of his pursuers with far less confidence in the outcome than he had put into words.

"All depends on Wetherford himself. If his nerve does not fail him, if they take the uniform for granted and do not carry the matter to the supervisor, we will pull the plan through." And in this hope he rode away down the trail with bent head, for all this bore heavily upon his relationship to the girl waiting for him in the valley. He had thought Lize a burden, a social disability, but a convict father now made the mother's faults of small account.

The nearer he drew to the meeting with Lee Virginia the more important that meeting became. Cavanagh had seen Virginia hardly more than a score of times, and yet she filled his thought, confused his plans, making of his brain a place of doubt and hesitation. For her sake he had entered upon a plan to shield a criminal, to harbor an escaped convict. It was of no avail to argue that he was moved to shield Wetherford because of his heroic action on the peak. He knew perfectly well that it was because he could not see that fair, brave girl further distressed by the discovery of her father's identity, for in the searching inquiry which would surely follow his secret would develop.

To marry her, knowing the character of her father and her mother, was madness, and the office within him warned him of his folly. "Pure water cannot be drawn from corrupt sources," it said. Nevertheless the thought of having the girl with him in the wilderness filled him with divine recklessness. While still he debated, alternately flushed with resolve to be happy and chilled by some strange dejection, he met Swenson, the young guard who guarded the forest on the South Fork.

As he rode up Cavanagh perceived in the other man's face something profoundly serious. He did not smile in greeting, as was usual with him, and, taking some letters from his pocket, passed them over in ominous silence. He had a face of such bitterness that it broke through even his absorbed and selfish meditation into which Cavanagh had been thrown.

"What's the matter, Swenson? You look as if you had lost a friend."

"I have," answered the guard shortly, "and so have you. The chief is out."

"What?"

"They've got him!" he exclaimed. "He's out."

Cavanagh sprang up. "I don't believe it! For what reason? Why?"

"Don't that letter tell you? The whole town is chuckling. Every criminal and plug ugly in the country is spitting in our faces this morning. Yes, sir, the president has fired the chief—the man that built up this forestry service. The whole works is going to h—, that's what it is. We'll have all the coal thieves, water power thieves, poachers and free grass pirates piling in on us in mobs. They'll eat up the forest. I see the finish of the whole business. They'll put some western man in—somebody they can work. Then where will we be?"

Cavanagh's young heart burned with indignation, but he tried to check the other man's torrent of protest.

"I can't believe it. There's some mistake. Maybe they've made him the secretary of the department or something."

"No, they haven't. They've thrown him out. They've downed him because he tried to head off some thievery of coal mines in Alaska." The man was ready to weep with chagrin and indignant sorrow. His voice choked, and he turned away to conceal his emotion.

Cavanagh put the letter back into his pocket and mounted his horse. "Well, go on back to your work, Swenson. I'm going to town to get the supervisor on the wire and find out what it all means."

He was almost as badly stunned by the significance of Swenson's news as Swenson himself. Could it be possible that the man who had built up the field service of the bureau—the man whose clean handed patriotism had held the boys together, making them every year more clearly a unit, a little army of enthusiasts—could it be possible that the originator, the organizer of this great plan, had been stricken down just when his influence was of most account? He refused to believe it of an administration pledged to the cause of conservation.

As he entered the town he was struck instantly by the change in the faces turned toward him, in the jocular greetings hurled at him. "Hello, Mr. Cossack! What do you think of your chief now?"

"This will put an end to your infernal nonsense," said another. "We'll have a man in there now who knows the western ways and who's willing to boom things along. The cork is out of your forest bottle."

Gregg was most offensive of all. "This means throwing open the forest to anybody that wants to use it—means an entire reversal of this fool policy."

"Wait and see," replied Cavanagh. But his face was rigid with the expression of the fear and anger he felt. With hands that trembled he opened the door to the telephone booth, closed it carefully behind him and called for the supervisor's office. As soon as Redfield replied he burst forth in question, "Is it true that the chief is out?"

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CAVANAGH PENNED HIS RESIGNATION AND MAILED IT.

Redfield's voice was husky as he replied, "Yes, lad; they've got him."

"Good Lord, what a blow to the service!" exclaimed Cavanagh with a groan of sorrow and rage. "What's the president thinking of to throw out the only man who stood for the future—the man who had built up this corps who was its inspiration?" Then after a pause he added, with bitter resolution "This ends it for me. Here's where I get off."

"Don't say that, boy. We need you now more than ever."

"I'm through. I'm done with America—with the States. I shall write my resignation at once. Send down another man to take my place."

Redfield's pleadings were of no avail. Cavanagh went directly from the booth to the postoffice, and there, surrounded by jeering and exultant citizens, he penned his resignation and mailed it. Then, with stern and contemptuous face, he left the place, making no reply to the jeers of his enemies, and, mounting his horse, mechanically rode away out upon the plains, seeking the quiet, open places in order to regain calmness and decision. He did not deliberately ride away from Lee Virginia, but as he entered upon the open country he knew that he was leaving her as he was leaving the forests. He had cut himself off from her as he had cut himself off from the work he loved. His heart was swollen big within his breast. He longed for the return of "the colonel" to the White House. "What manner of ruler is this who is ready to strike down the man whose very name means conservation and who in a few years would have made this body of forest rangers the most effective corps of its size in the world?" He groaned again, and his throat ached with the fury of his indignation.

"Dismissed for insubordination," the report said. "In what way? Only in making war on greed, in checking graft, in preserving the heritage of the people."

The lash that cut deepest was the open exultation of the very men whose persistent attempt to appropriate public property the chief had helped to thwart. Redfield will go out. The influence that got the chief will get Hugh. He's too good a man to escape. Then, as Swenson says, the thieves will roll in upon us to slash and burn and corrupt. What a country! What a country!"

As he reached the end of this line of despairing thought he came back to the question of his remaining personal obligations. Wetherford must be saved for, and then—and then—there was Virginia waiting for him at this moment. "For her sake, to save her from humiliation, I will help her father to freedom."

This brought him back to the hideous tragedy of the heights, and with that thought the last shred of faith in the sense of justice in the state vanished.

"They will never discover those murderers. They will permit this outrage to pass unpunished, like the others. It will be merely another "dramatic incident' in the history of the range."

His pony of its own accord turned and by a circuitous route headed at last for the home canyon as if it knew its master's every mind. Cavanagh observed what he was doing, but his lax hand did not intervene. Helpless to make the decision himself, he welcomed the intervention of the homing instinct of his horse. With bent head and brooding face he returned to the silence of the trail and the loneliness of the hills.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CAVANAGH'S LAST VIGIL BEGINS.

On his solitary ride upward and homeward the ranger searched his heart and found it bitter and disloyal. Love had interfered with duty, and pride had checked and defeated love. His path, no longer clear and definite, looped away aimlessly, lost in vague, obscure meanderings. His world had suddenly grown gray. He had no trade, no business, no special skill save in the ways of the mountaineer, and to return to his ancestral home in England at the moment seemed a woeful confession of failure.

It was again dusk as he rode up to his own hitching pole and slipped from the saddle.

Wetherford came out, indicating by his manner that he had recovered his confidence once more. "How did you find things in the valley?" he inquired as they walked away toward the corral.

"Bad," responded the ranger.

"In what way?"

"The chief has been dismissed, and all the rascals are chuckling with glee I've resigned from the service."

Wetherford was aghast. "What for?"

"I will not serve under any other chief. The best thing for you to do is to go out when I do. I think by keeping on that uniform you can get to the train with me."

"Did you see Lize and my girl?"

"No; I only remained in town a minute. It was too hot for me. I'm done with it. Wetherford, I'm going back to civilization. No more wild west for me." The bitterness of his voice touched the older man's heart, but he considered it merely a mood.

"Don't lose your nerve. Mebbe this ends the reign of terror."

"Nothing will end the moral shiftlessness of this country but the death of the freebooter. That job was done by men who hated the dagoes—hated 'em because they were rival claimants for the range. It's nonsense to attempt to fasten it on men like Nelli Ballard. The men who did that piece of work are well known stock owners."

"I reckon that's so."

"Well, now, who's going to convict them? I can't do it. I'm going to pull out as soon as I can put my books in shape, and you'd better go too."

They were standing at the gate of the corral, and the roar of the mountain stream enveloped them in a cloud of sound.

Wetherford spoke slowly: "I hate to lose my girl now that I've seen her, but I guess you're right. And Lize, poor old critter! It's a shame the way I've neglected her, and I'd give my right arm to be where I was twelve years ago, but with a price on my head and old age coming on I don't see my self ever again getting up to par. It's a losing game for me now."

There was resignation as well as despair in his voice, and Cavanagh felt it, but he said: "There's one other question that may come up for decision. If that Basque died of smallpox you may possibly take it."

"I've figured on that, but it will take a day or two to show on me. I don't feel any ache in my bones yet. If I do come down you keep away from me. You've got to live and take care of Virginia."

"She should never have returned to this accursed country," Cavanagh harshly replied, starting back toward the cabin.

The unsettable, smoking his pipe beside the fireplace, did not present an anxious face. On the contrary, he seemed plumply content as he replied to the ranger's greeting. He represented well the type of citizen which these disorderly communities produce. Brave and tireless when working along the line of his prejudices, he could be most lazily inefficient when his duties cut across his own or his neighbor's interests. Being a cattleman by training, he was glad of the red herring which the Texas officer had trailed across the line of his pursuit.

This attitude still further inflamed Cavanagh's indignant hate of the country. The theory which the deputy developed was transparent folly. "It was just a case of plain robbery," he argued. "One of them dagoes had money, and Nelli Ballard and that man Edwards just naturally followed him and killed the whole bunch and scooted with the money."

An hour later the sound of a horse's hoofs on the bridge gave warning of a visitor, and as Cavanagh went to the door Gregg rode up, seeking particulars as to the death of the herder and the whereabouts of the sheep.

The ranger was not in a mood to invite the sheepman in, and, besides, he perceived the danger to which Wetherford was exposed; therefore his answers were short. Gregg, on his part, did not appear anxious to enter.

"What happened to that old hobo I sent up?" he asked.

Cavanagh briefly retold his story, and at the end of it Gregg grunted. "You say you burned the tent and all the bedding?"

"Every thread of it. It wasn't safe to leave it."

"What allied the man?"

"I don't know, but it looked and smelled like smallpox."

The deputy rose with a spring. "Smallpox! You didn't handle the cuss?"

Cavanagh did not spare him. "Somebody had to lend a hand, I couldn't see him die there alone, and he had to be buried, so I did the job."

Gregg recalled a step or two, but the deputy stood staring, the implication of all this sinking deep. "Were you wearing the same clothes you've got on?"

"Yes, but I used a slicker while working around the body."

"Good king!" The sweat broke out on the man's face. "You ought to be arrested."

Ross took a step toward him. "I'm at your service."

"Keep off!" shouted the sheriff.

Ross smiled, then became very serious. "I took every precaution, Mr. Deputy. I destroyed everything that could possibly carry the disease. I burned every utensil, including the saddle—everything but the man's horse and his dog."

The officer caught up his hat and coat and started for the door. "It's me for the open air," said he.

As the men withdrew Ross followed them and, standing in his door, delivered his final volley. "If this state does not punish those fiends every decent man should emigrate out of it, turning the land over to the wolves, the wildcats and other beasts of prey."

Gregg as he retreated called back: "That's all right, Mr. Ranger, but you'd better keep to the hills for a few weeks. The settlers down below won't enjoy having a man with smallpox chassaying around town. They might rope and tie you."

Wetherford came out of his hiding place with a grave face.

"They're right about our staying clear of town," said Cavanagh. "They'll quarantine us sure."

Wetherford now that the danger of arrest was over was disposed to be grimly humorous. "There's no great loss without some small gain. I don't think we'll be troubled by any more visitors, not even by sheriffs or doctors. I reckon you and I are in for a couple of months of the quiet life—the kind we read about."

Cavanagh now that he was definitely out of the forest service perceived the weight of every objection which his friends and relatives had made against his going into it. It was a lonely life and one not ever to be so. It was all very well for a young unmarried man who loved the woods and hills beyond all things else and who could wait for advancement, but it was a sad place for one who desired a wife. The ranger's place was on the trail and in the hills, and to bring a woman into these high silences, into these lone reaches of forest and fell, would be cruel. To bring children into them would be criminal.

All the next day, while Wetherford pottered about the cabin or the yard, Cavanagh toiled at his papers, resolved to leave everything in the perfect order which he loved. Whenever he looked round upon his belongings, each and all so redolent of the wilderness, he found them very dear. His chairs, which he had rived out of slabs; his guns, his robes, his saddles and their trappings all meant much to him. "Some of them must go with me," he said, "and when I am settled down in the old home I'll have one room to myself which shall be so completely of the mountain America that when I am within it I can fancy myself back in the camp."

He thought of South Africa as a possible refuge, but aside, knowing well that no other place could have the same indefinable charm that the flocky mountains possessed for the reason that he had come to them at his most impressionable age. Then, too, the British Empire, with its castes, seemed merely an extension of the English form of government.

Wetherford was also moving in deep thought and at last put his perplexity into a question. "What am I to do? I'm beginning to feel quite safe. What the chances for my having smallpox are purty fair. Maybe I'd better drop down to Sulphur and report to the authorities. I've got a day or two before the blossoms will begin to show on me."

Cavanagh studied him closely. "Now, don't get to thinking you've got it. I don't see how you could attach a germ, in the high altitude and the winds up there ought to be perfect protection. I'm not afraid for myself, but if you're able perhaps we'd better pull out tomorrow."

Later in the day Wetherford expressed deeper dejection. "I don't see anything ahead of me anyhow," he confessed. "If I go back to the pen I'll die of lung trouble, and I don't know what I'd do if I were living in the city. Mebbe the best thing I could do would be to take the pox and go under. I'm afraid of big towns," he concluded. "I always get sick when I had money. Now that I am old and broke I daren't go. No city for me."

Cavanagh's patience gave way. "But, man, you can't stay here! I'm packing up to leave. Your only chance of getting out of the country is to go when I go and in my company." His voice was harsh and keen, and the old man felt its edge, but he made no reply, and this mild answer moved Cavanagh to repentance. His irritability warned him of something deeply changing in his own nature.

Approaching the brooding felon, he spoke gently and sadly. "I'm sorry for you, Wetherford, I sure am, but it's up to you to get clear away so that Lee will never by any possible chance learn that you are alive. She has a romantic notion of you as a representative of the old time west, and it would be a dreadful shock to her if she knew you as you are. It's hard to ask it, but I must ask you to say you've seen her, but that's the manly thing to do—the only thing to do."

"Oh, you're right—of course you're right," he said. "I could do of some use to her. I wish I could kind of keep watch over her. I'd be glad enough to play the scullion in her kitchen. But if you're going to take her—"

"I mean," corrected Ross. "I'm going to leave her right here. I can't take her."

Wetherford looked at him with steady eyes, into which a keen light leaped. "Don't you intend to marry her?"

Ross turned away. "No; I don't. I mean it is impossible."

"Why not? Don't tell me you're already married?" He said this with menacing tone.

"No; I'm not married, but"— He stopped without making his meaning plain. "I'm going to leave the country and"—

Wetherford caught him up. "I reckon I understand what you mean. You consider Lize and me undesirable parents—not just the kind you'd cut out of the herd of your own free will. Well, I don't blame you, I don't blame you so far as I'm concerned. But you can forget me—consider me a dead one. I'll never bother her nor you."

Cavanagh threw out an impatient hand. "That's impossible," he protested. "It's better for her and better for me that I should do so. I'm going back to my own people."

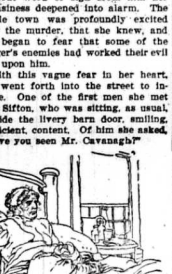
Wetherford was thoroughly roused now. The part of his old time fire seemed to return to him. He rose from his chair and approached the ranger firmly. "I've seen you act like a man, Ross Cavanagh. You've been a good partner these last few days—a son couldn't have treated me better—and I hate to think ill of you. But my girl loves you—I could see that. I could see her lean to you."

Ross said slowly: "It will be hard for you to understand when I tell you that I care a great deal for your daughter, but a man like me—an Englishman—cannot marry, or he ought not to marry—for himself alone. There are so many others to consider—his friends, his sisters"—

Wetherford dropped his hand. "I see!" His tone was despairing. "When I was young we married the girls we loved in defiance of everything. But you are not that kind. You may be right. I'm nothing but a debilitated old cowpuncher branded by the state—a man who threw away his chance—but I can tell you straight I've learned that nothing but the love of a woman counts."

In the meantime Lee Virginia waited with increasing impatience for Ross Cavanagh's return, expecting each noon to see him appear at the door. But when three days passed without word or sign from him her uneasiness deepened into alarm. The whole town was profoundly excited over the murder, that she knew, and she began to fear that some of the ranger's enemies had worked their evil will upon him.

With this vague fear in her heart, she went forth into the street to inquire. One of the first men she met was Sifton, who was sitting, as usual, outside the livery barn door, smiling, inefficient, content. Of him she asked, "Have you seen Mr. Cavanagh?"



SHE BURIED HER FACE IN THE BLANKET

"Yes," he answered: "I saw him yesterday, just after dinner, down at the postoffice. He was writing a letter at the desk. Almost immediately afterward he mounted and rode away. He was much cut up over his chief's dismissal."

"Why has he not written to me," she asked herself, "and why should he have gone away without a word of greeting, explanation or goodby? It would have taken but a moment's time to call at the door."

The more she dwelt upon this neglect the more significant it became. After the tender look in his eyes, after the ardent clasp of his hand, the thought that he could be so indifferent was at once a source of pain and self reproach.

With childish frankness she went to Lize and told her what she had learned, her eyes dim with hot tears. "Come over to town and we'll walk back to his cabin without coming to see me."

To be Continued.

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OPERATION LEFT HER VERY WEAK
Letter Tells of Wonderful Relief After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Coniston, Ontario.—"After a severe operation and a three weeks' stay in a hospital I returned home so weak that I was unable to move a chair. For four months I was almost frantic with pains and suffering until I thought sure there could not be any help for me. I had very severe pains in my left side and suffered agony every month. One day when I was not able to get up my mother begged me to try your medicine. My husband got me a bottle of Vegetable Compound at once and I took it. I started a second bottle, and to my surprise and joy the pains in my side left me completely and I am able to do all my work without help. I am a farmer's wife, so you see I can't be idle long. In all I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of the Compound Tablets, two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and have also used the Sanative Wash."—Mrs. L. LAJEUNESSE, Box 108, Coniston, Ontario. c

Little Effect, He Says.
Sun spots and their effect on weather conditions as a whole is a very intricate and complicated subject, and it is difficult to make generalizations in this regard, according to Sir Frederic Stupart, director of the Meteorological Service.
He was questioned concerning the relation of sun spots to the weather in view of the statements of Ralph De Lury, assistant director of the Dominion Observatory, that next year when the sun spots are expected to reach their maximum in size and numbers, they will have a marked effect on the weather.
Sir Frederic stated that with present knowledge it was inadvisable to associate solar energy with weather here on the earth. He believed the aurora borealis, magnetism and to some degree thunderstorms might be due to the working of solar energy, but he was not inclined to admit that the weather as a whole was directly connected with the phenomenon of sun spots.

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# Recreating Old France at Quebec

Chateau Frontenac, where most of the guests at the ball stayed. Upper right: Lord and Lady Willingdon as King Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria. Lower left: Miss Yvette McKenna, debutante, for whom the ball was given, as the character as Madame Louise de France, daughter of Louis XV.

In one of the most colorful and striking functions ever put on in this continent, it was reserved for the old city of Quebec to rediscover herself in the historic ball recently given in the two halls of the Legislative Assembly in the Ancient Capital. Although four hundred years of costumes and personalities were covered by the ball, it was the eighteenth century that was most prominently featured and it was mainly French historical characters who were shown. Louis XIV., "le Roi Soleil," was impersonated by the Hon. N. Perodeau, Lieutenant-Governor of the province; Lord and Lady Willingdon went back a little further and represented Charles I. of England and his Queen, Henrietta Maria. Premier Taschereau came out as d'Agueesseau, Chancellor and Comptroller under Louis XIV., and Mrs. Taschereau went as Marie Antoinette, ill-fated Queen of France. Miss Yvette McKenna, the debutante granddaughter of Hon. N. Perodeau, for whom the ball was given, appeared as Louise de France, daughter of Louis XV. In all some 1,100 guests came to the ball and, since every one had to state beforehand in what character he or she would appear, there was no duplication, and the result was quite the most brilliant function ever shown in Quebec or probably any other city in America. Guests came from all parts of Canada and the Eastern United States, and the Chateau Frontenac was at capacity for some days beforehand to accommodate them.

## CENSUS OF THE WORLD

### European and American Nations Lead With 658,000,000.

There has never, of course, been anything like an exact census of all the world, and hitherto estimates of the total population of mankind have been little better than guesses. Now, however, Dr. Alois Mueller has succeeded, after painstaking and prolonged research, in compiling statistics which may be regarded as approximately accurate—that is, within a few millions—and which especially indicate the proportionate numbers of the various grand divisions of the race.

He arranges all the tribes and nations of the earth in eighteen groups. Of these the largest is composed of the European-American peoples, with an aggregate of no fewer than 658,000,000 souls. Second is the East Asian group, comprising the Chinese and Japanese, with 576,000,000, and the third the South Asian, or Indian, with 317,000,000. These might be called the "Big Three." The fourth group is the African, or negro, with 107,000,000, closely followed by the Oriental, or West Asian, with 100,000,000, while the Malayan group stands sixth, with only 67,000,000.

The remaining twelve groups are comparatively small. The American Indians, comprising, of course, those in Central and South America, are credited with 14,000,000; the Tunguses of northern Asia with 12,000,000, the Mongols with 3,500,000 and the remnant of the Armenians with 2,900,000.

The European-American group is subdivided into twelve subgroups, the largest of which is the German, with 250,000,000. The Latin people are credited with 207,000,000 and the Slavs with 165,000,000. Smaller subgroups are the Irish, with 12,000,000; the Georgians, with 6,900,000, and the Esthо-Finns with 4,700,000. The Germans or Teutonic—subgroup is again divided into 133,000,000 Anglo-Saxons and 99,000,000 Germans, of which later number 62,000,000 are in the Reich, 8,000,000 in America, 6,100,000 in Austria, 3,100,000 in Czechoslovakia and 1,000,000 in Poland. The Spanish subgroup is the third of the European-American of whose 65,000,000 only 22,000,000 are in the Iberian Peninsula while 43,000,000 inhabit American continents. The Italians are estimated at only 46,000,000 and French with 41,000,000, of whom 35,200,000 are in France and 3,250,000 in Belgium.

The East Asian groups contains 450,000,000 Chinese and 80,000,000 Japanese and Koreans. Of the Jews 3,000,000 live in Poland, 2,800,000 in Soviet Russia, 2,000,000 in the United States, 820,000 in Rumania and in Palestine itself only 120,000. The correctness of these figures will doubtless be challenged, since the number of Jews in America is certainly much larger than that given, while the very large numbers in other Asian countries than Palestine are altogether ignored, says the New York Herald-Tribune.

## VISITS JAPANESE HOME

### Host Shows Exactly How Japanese Household Is Run — Women's Inferiority a Misapprehension.

"I spent a Sunday recently with my friend, whom we shall call Tetsajiro Hara, one of the fortunate group of many country, the middle class," says a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. Usually the Japanese does his entertaining at restaurants and keeps his home for himself. If, by any chance, a guest should be invited to partake of a meal in the home, the honorable interior, as the wife is called, either does not appear at all or else acts as maid and waitress to her spouse and his friends.

The cost of living has driven Mr. Hara from the city proper out into the adjacent countryside, as it has so many other of his fellow workers during the past few years.

It is only recently the city dwellers have begun to invade this section of Musashino; and it is still very much as it has been through many centuries. The thatched homes of farmers stand among the fields of rice and garden truck; thickets of bamboo surround rustic temples or shrines. Here, within less than an hour of the capital, is as fresh an atmosphere as could be asked. My friend, on his little plot of ground, raises all the garden truck he needs, more chickens than he can eat, flowers of beauty and distinction; and now he is to make a landscape garden in the pure Japanese style for his mother's pleasure.

The house is Japanese, but with modern modifications. The walls are sliding screens, but they are of glass instead of paper. One room is his study, with bookshelves and with chairs like those of the west.

His mother, scarce four feet tall, was pottering around the garden as we approached, but she hastily fled indoors, for it would never do to greet the honorable guest in her fashion. After a few minutes, in order to permit a change of costume, we called at her room to pay our respects. She came out on the little half-balcony that encircles a Japanese house, knelt upon its boards and gave the courteous greeting of old Japan. The wife knelt at the door to welcome us, and the maid hovered in the background. Never before had a foreigner crossed their threshold, and they were more than glad to please. A visit was paid to the garden, then a short stroll through the countryside followed, and we called on some of the neighbors. They included a retired commander of the navy, two artists, professors from the universities. Mounting prices in Japan have driven men of this class from the noisy city to the more soothing countryside.

The metal had been especially planned, and the food served was such as a foreigner is most apt to like. The chickens, which formed the central dish, were his own, and most of the vegetables that went to the pot were from his own garden. The wife slipped in and out, serving us and seeing that every want was supplied. The mother would not touch a mouthful, not until the honorable guest had been fed. So it was with the wife. Only when my host and I had completed our repast did the women of the household break their fast.

Much has been written of the "inferior position" of women in Japan. But the inferiority is largely one of convenience, and there is the same pleasant companionship and camaraderie between the husband and the wife in Dai Nihon as in western lands. It was plainly visible between my host and his wife. It is equally evident on the trains and other public places where men and women are seen together.

## Mennonites Buy Alberta Farms.

Northern Alberta's biggest farm land deal in 1927 was completed when the well-known Trent Farm was sold to a colony of Mennonites for more than $126,000. The new owners, eight families, took possession on New Year's Day. The farm has 2,641 acres.

## Rock Salt Deposits.

Rock salt deposits in Nova Scotia, in the view of Ottawa experts, are likely to have an important bearing in the further development of fisheries in the Maritimes. The development of these deposits has grown from 174 tons in 1919 to 8,000 tons in 1926.

## Canada's Railway Facilities.

"One distinct advantage Canada has over Australia is her wonderful railway facilities," said M. P. Greenwood Adams, noted Australian lecturer and most eager to "boost Australia," he said, "look upon Canadian transportation with envy."

## A WONDER CANARY.

### Has an Extremely Rich and Beautiful Voice.

A group of Gloucestershire canary breeders have achieved in eight years what canary breeders all over the world have been trying in vain to do for a century, says the London Chronicle.

They have produced an entirely new canary which for beauty and song surpasses anything hitherto known.

The "Gloucester Fancy," as the newcomer has been named, is a lively little fellow with a sleek coat of smooth buff feathers and a tuneful topknot on his head. He has inherited the topknot from his father, the big "Crested Canary."

It is, however, to his mother, the petite and graceful "Border Fancy," that he owes his crowning glory—an extremely rich and beautiful voice. The "Border Fancy" has until now been held to be the world's champion canary songster, but her gifted son is making a bid to wrest this honor from her. The judges say the "Gloucester Fancy" of outsinging his mother that he has challenged her to a singing contest to be staged at the Crystal Palace canary exhibition, when he will make his first appearance before the public.

## Plan New Daily Chain.

The Federal Press Association, Limited, has been organized to publish a chain of daily and weekly newspapers throughout the Dominion. The first publication will be the Ontario Canadian, a weekly newspaper located at Toronto. Other daily newspapers, according to the association prospectus, will be promptly launched, as follows:

The Maritime Canadian, Halifax.
The Manitoba Canadian, Winnipeg.
The Saskatchewan Canadian, Regina.
The Alberta Canadian, Calgary.
The British Columbia Canadian, Vancouver.
The Quebec Canadian, Quebec City (bi-lingual).

All publications of the association, says the prospectus, will be issued in support of the Conservative party, the aim being to organize and promote greater strength and solidarity in the ranks of the Conservative party.—Printer and Publisher.

## PENNY-PER-DAY PAY.

### Queensland Convicts Need Not Go to Chapel.

The broad arrow has been abolished as a distinguishing mark on the clothes of prisoners in the Queensland jails.

The new rule relating to clothes of prisoners reads:

"Prisoners' clothing shall not be branded with the broad arrow, the only distinguishing marks to be the badge or the class to which the prisoner belongs, and on the right arm of the coat. All other clothing shall have the prisoner's number stamped upon it, so that such clothing may be readily distinguishable from others. The number, however, shall be stamped in such a way as not to be seen when the garments are being worn."

The regulations provide for the remodelling of the labor gratuity system. The gratuities, instead of being at the rate of 1d. per day, as now, will be at that rate for prisoners employed during the first three months, and will rise to 4d. a day after the indulgence has been in prison for two years. Tasks are set out definitely in accordance with the period of experience at any particular work, and must be accomplished before any extra gratuity is paid. Prisoners who do more than the task allotted to them may receive such additional indulgence as the minister may approve.

Trafficking with prisoners by officers of the prisons is to be strongly suppressed. The attendance of prisoners at divine service is no longer compulsory.

## THE PLAYFUL OTTER.

### Most Playful of All British Wild Mammals.

In mammals, which are the highest of living creatures after man, the love of play is more developed than in the lower animals, writes Mr. Kenneth H. Chapman in an English paper.

In no animal is this love of play more pronounced than in the otter, which is the most playful of all British wild mammals. Even an old otter will indulge in an hour of enjoyment, but he generally will not play by himself, but whistles until his mate appears. He will dive from a rock and swim through the water like a torpedo. This play, however, is of great advantage to the otter, as it gives him exercise and helps to make him more expert in the water. Young otters are even more enjoyable to watch when at play than old otters. Their favorite game is tobogganing. The otters make a track down the river bank into the water, and wear it very smooth with playing for hours.

One habit which shows their intelligence is that they always climb back by another path. They seem to realize that if they scratch their slide, were they to climb back up it.

There is no fish which can escape the otter when the otter has set his mind on capturing it. The otter enters the water with scarcely a ripple, as he holds on to the bank with his tail before finally letting himself go. When hunting, he swims with all four legs, but when he is playing, he uses only his hind ones.

In China otters are caught when very young, and are fed on bread and milk. They are never allowed to have fish, and so never realize that fish is their proper diet. They are given leather fish to play with, which they are taught to chase, the fish being tied to a string. Every time an otter succeeds in catching the fish he is rewarded with a morsel of food. A dead fish is then substituted for the leather one, then a live one on a line, and finally living fish are thrown into the water, and the otter is encouraged to pursue them. His education is then complete, and he is allowed to go fishing for his human companion in the same manner as a tame cormorant.

The otter, however, is not prevented from swallowing the fish by a brass ring around his neck. He brings it to his human friend in order to receive the reward.

## MORE VALUABLE THAN GOLD.

### At One Time Platinum Was Regarded as a Nuisance.

Scientists have proved that platinum is the most permanent of all metals and that it resists the action of moisture or the elements for centuries. Platinum is of exceptional value in dental work, because it is not affected by the acids and secretions of the mouth.

Platinum is very scarce and first brought this metal to the notice of the civilized world. When they were in Mexico and Panama in search of gold they regarded platinum as a nuisance and a dangerous metal because, being as heavy as gold, it was easily mistaken for gold when covered with a coating of yellow ochre.

It was not long, however, before they realized its value for making jewellery, and used it for snuff-boxes, sword and dagger hilts, and other ornaments.

It now commands a higher price than gold. When it is in crude ore form it has a coarse grain and appears dull and unpromising. After the first refining process the metal is spongy and porous. It is then pressed into ingots or discs.

In ancient times the metal was hammered into very thin sheets and then worked up into endless varieties of ornaments, the best specimens of which have been found in Ecuador.

## THE IDLE IN EUROPE.

### Decrease of Unemployment Except in Britain and Denmark.

A remarkable improvement in the unemployment figures has taken place in many parts of Europe during the past few months, according to the latest figures collected by the International Federation of Trade Unions.

In Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary the number of unemployed was about half that of a year before. In England, Switzerland, Belgium and Austria there is also considerable reduction, while in Belgium the situation is about the same as last year.

The figures for Europe as a whole registered unemployed on Oct. 1, 1927, as compared with only 11,679 on October 1, 1926. In Denmark and Great Britain unemployment figures have recently been going up, and each country had at the end of October some thousands more unemployed than at the end of September. In Italy, at the end of July last, there were 263,091 registered unemployed, compared with only 79,676 a year earlier. The unemployed in Russia on Sept. 1 numbered 1,127,000, as against 1,070,000 on Oct. 1, 1926.

## BOY-KING IS STUDENT.

### Heir to Afghanistan Attends College in French Capital.

Paris, the capital of republican France, counts two exotic princes among its students at the present time.

First there is the Prince of Annam, who attends the Lycee, or state college. He is really king of his country, though he humbly desires to be called prince. He mixes with the other boys and wishes that no difference should be made.

The second royal student is Prince Hedayatalla, the eldest son of the King of Afghanistan, who is consequently the future monarch. The seventeen-year-old prince is a boarder of the Janson-de-Sailli College, where he is simply called Monsieur Hedayatalla.

He is very happy among his Paris colleagues, and has already been for many years at a Paris school. He speaks French like a Frenchman. Only Sundays he spends in the family of the Afghanistan ambassador, and enjoys there the customs of his own home, speaks his own language, and perhaps dreams of the land over which he is one day called to rule.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

## A VISIT TO SIERRA LEONE

### G. C. DIXON DESCRIBES A DAY IN FREETOWN.

### Hooting of Cars, Plaintive Bleating of Goats, Harsh Screaming of Parrots, and Throaty Clatter of Blacks Complete Pandemonium.

Day, in Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa, begins an hour before sunrise, according to G. C. Dixon, in the London Daily Mail.

A sudden frenzy of bell-ringing from the shabby mission church across the street startles you into wakefulness. And when the bells stop the hymns begin, and two hundred worshippers, of almost excessive piety and incredible lung-power, lift up their voices in "The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, is Ended," at precisely 6 a.m.

By 6.30 the first of the six daily services is over and the next has not yet begun. It is now daylight, and even the pagan population is vociferously awake. Small boys, as naked as the day they were born, shout and jostle each other on their way, rather like Etonians at the Wall Game. Early dappers, in cloche hats and sleeveless cotton frocks, offer society small talk to dandies clothed with sun helmets, sunshades, canes, and (in one case) spats. Black mammies, basking in superbly polished heads anything from a foiled umbrella to a basin of eggs, stride majestically down the street, crying their wares in the melancholy minor key affected by pedlars from Harbin to Lima.

And to complete the pandemonium comes the hooting of cars, the plaintive bleating of a goat as it noses its way along the gutter, and through it all the leit-motif of this jazz symphony, the incessant throaty clatter of the blacks like the gobbling of a thousand turkeys.

Beneath me the strollers gather in little groups, chatter and laugh and dissolve into units and coagulate again in groups, after the fashion of the mad and bustling ant. And all the while the sun rises higher and the women—pale pinks, cerises, purples, and the horrider yellows—keep combining and dissolving and combining again in fantastic combinations of color like a child's Kaleidoscopic.

One girl in particular catches the eye—a slim belle who sways from the hips in the best Hollywood tradition acutely conscious of her purple frock, white stockings coquettishly pulled below the knee, high-heeled shoes, cloche hat, and bag of material guaranteed by the modish Freetown shops to be le veritable lizard.

With every white tooth showing and one foot twined around the calf of the other leg in the manner of Miss Isadora Duncan, she stands talking to a youth clad entirely where he is clad, in white. The rest of him is so black as to be invisible, and for a moment the effect is positively macabre; hat, shorts, and shoes bobbing and striding by invisible agency, the snowy trappings of a dusky body.

Work, such as it is and as far as it goes, begins early in Sierra Leone. It is now 6.45, and across the street in treadle machine sits a native tailor, protestingly as a black man, surrounded by a score of gobbbling spectators, manipulates a heap of snow white bales of sewing.

Comes the shrill ringing of a bell and urgent ululation, and a spindly youth speeds through the crowd on a bicycle, mounted very high indeed as he speeds beneath the uplifted arm of a pedlar and brushes another's dress. Clearly a man on a mission, but by dint of the enquiry to the end of the block—and then races back.

Put an African on wheels and he always does that; like the ants again, that bustle forth on an errand, and stop, and dart off at right angles, and meet a friend, and rush back, and start off on the same line as before and maniac activity that never ceases to impress the credulous human drone.

Seven, and with the risen sun comes heat . . . heat and a dozen new varieties of clamor. From behind the hotel sounds a dull thumping of gongs and then the whine of a saw, rising to a high, thin scream and dying away till its sigh is lost in the choking cough of the engine.

A moment's lull, and through the babel of voices cuts the shriek of a siren, and a lorry swings round the corner with three white officials standing upright behind the driver. With them in full blast, they charge the crowd and somehow escape manslaughter; a minute afterwards only with the obedient parting of the Red Sea. Then the driver and all four assistants howl together and simultaneously extend their hands and then by turns sharply to the left.

It is all rather reminiscent of Java, where you have one fellow to steer, another to push the engine, a third to stand and hand advice, and a fourth to spit on those who do not take it.

If the life of the native begins before daybreak it ends soon after dark. By eight in the evening the tumult and the shouting die, and mammies and their men depart. And then the whites take over.

Exhausted with the effort of undressing, only to find that the air of Africa does not welcome it, I find warmer and more suffocating cloak. I throw myself on top of the bed, tuck in the mosquito net, and pray for sleep.

### Cricketers' Life Long.

Cricketers seem to enjoy long life, according to statistics. Out of 1,000 of the players mentioned in "Wisden," only 40 died before reaching their thirty-fifth year; the normal rate for men collectively is 89 per 1,000.

### "Lest We Forget."

Containing the names of nearly 50,000 Irishmen who fell in the Great War, a set of eight volumes, beautifully printed on hand-made paper, has been presented to St. Anne's Cathedral, Belfast, by the Committee of the Irish National War Memorial.

### Selling Steamship Line.

Owing to heavy losses, the Australian Government has decided to sell the Commonwealth Shipping Line. In 1926 the Line operated at a loss of £595,000.

## POURING INTO MANCHURIA

### Millions of Orientals on the Move —Migration Brings Joy to Japan.

Japanese economic development of Manchuria assisted by American and European capital, is one of the most economic problem, according to Jotaro Yamaoto, president of the South Manchuria Railway.

Outlining the remarkable development of Manchuria and inner Mongolia now under way, Mr. Yamaoto says, "It is due partly to the influx of immigrants from Shantung and other parts of China, which is caused by the continuous serious conditions in Central and South China. It is due also to the opening in Manchuria and inner Mongolia of vast, fertile areas, which is made possible through the extension of railways, and which contrasts strongly to the almost entire stoppage of railways in Central China. The immigration movement is almost without precedent anywhere in the world in recent years, as the records show that almost a million immigrants came into Manchuria in 1927.

"This great development, speaking from the political point of view, has been possible largely through the fact that peace has been maintained in these regions during the past score of years, largely through the instrumentality of Chang Tso-lin and other powerful officials under him, although in this connection it must not be forgotten that Japanese influence, exercised through the South Manchuria Railway Co. and other factors, has constituted a powerful safeguard for peace.

"It is safe to say that the direct profit of this vast development has gone to the Chinese, and yet Japan is very keenly interested in the matter, as it has a close and vital connection with its food and population problems. The bearing which Manchuria thus has on Japan's food problem I can illustrate by a single instance.

"During last year 3,000,000 koku (nearly 15,000,000 bushels) of rice were exported from Manchuria into Korea. This was consumed by the Koreans, who, in turn, produced a similar amount of rice which was exported to Japan. Japan's total rice import amounts to 6,000,000 koku, and it is thus evident that through this development of Manchuria Japan's rice problem has been solved to the extent of 50 per cent. and in the course of a few more years similar development it may be solved entirely."

That Manchuria can likewise aid in the solution of finding work for Japan's excessive population is believed by Mr. Yamamoto, who sees raw material for Japanese factories in the forests, mines and sheep of that region. It is extremely important for Japan," he says, "that she obtain such supplies at the nearest and safest places and at the lowest prices possible, and there is no other region in the world which can meet its requirements as well as Manchuria and Inner Mongolia."

## ANOTHER TREASURE HUNT.

### Search In Old Chateau for Two Hundred Million Francs.

A story of a fabulous treasure, to be found buried in an old chateau, is causing the inhabitants of Pont-a-Mousson to dig among the ruins of the centuries-old mansion.

Two big iron coffers are said to contain gold, jewels and other valuables worth forty million francs. (The present value of the treasure would be about 800 million francs.)

These coffers are supposed to have been buried there by a count who after occupying a high post in the armies of Louis XIV. went at Bel-fort during the terror which followed the Restoration about 125 years ago.

As the story goes, the count had time before he died to scribble a will on a page of his Prayer Book.

By this he left all his fortune to the church.

Several documents were found quite recently when a man from Metz bought a number of old books at a public sale.

Unfortunately, he destroyed a number of them — including the Prayer Book. But he read other documents and so he consulted a priest friend of Metz who, after enquiring into the matter, offered to take charge of the researches in the ruins of the chateau.

He has so far spent 8,000 francs in excavations, and he and his workmen are still busy with the treasure hunt.

## A STRANGE COUNTRY HOUSE.

### Elveden Hall One of the Most Beautiful Residences In England.

Elveden Hall, Suffolk, England, the home of the late Earl of Iveagh, is one of the most beautiful residences in the country. It was purchased by Lord Iveagh from the executors of the late Maharaja Dulleep Singh, who expended a fortune upon it. The interior is Eastern in architecture and decoration. The great entrance hall is in the form of a Hindu temple, with walls and pillars of pure white marble. Doors leading from the hall are of beaten and incrusted copper with handles of solid silver. All baths are of marble, and their fitting of solid silver. The suite reserved for the King on the Prince of Wales' visit consisted of an earl entertained two kings there simultaneously — the late King Edward and the late King Carlos of Portugal.

### Most Popular French Resort.

Le Touquet eclipsed Deauville as the most popular resort last season, as far as is revealed by figures of the profits and residence tax. The casino of Le Touquet made a profit of $2,000,000 compared with $1,750,000 at the Deauville casino.

### New Short Route to Royan.

The Canadian Pacific Express Co. has extended its service into the new gold field of northwestern Quebec, reaching Rouyn over the recently completed extension of the Nipissing Central Railway. This extension provides a new and short route into the rapidly developing mining area.

### Flax Growing In Nova Scotia.

A record in flax growing was made last year on thirty acres in Lunenburg when 12,000 pounds were produced. The area of acreage will be doubled in this plant this year.

## PAGE SEVEN

## FIND FOSSIL LEAVES.

### Magnolias and Chestnut Trees Once Flourished In Yellowstone Park.

New evidence that magnolias, sycamores, and chestnut trees once flourished in the region now known as Yellowstone National Park was uncovered by the blasting away of a ledge to widen a section of the park's loop road between Mammoth Hot Springs and Camp Roosevelt, says Science Service. Tons of rock bearing the fossil imprint of leaves and twigs, principally magnolia and chestnut, were brought to light. According to Prof. H. L. Mason of the University of California, the rock bearing the fossils represents the material accumulated in a forest about 4,000,000 years ago, during volcanic eruption which destroyed the trees and buried the leaves upon the ground. Impressions of the leaves then became a part of the solid rock. Judging from the abundance of chestnut leaves, the chestnut apparently was one of the most common trees in this prehistoric forest.

The leaves in the rock show minutely every stem and vein, and each needle-like point in the serrate edges of the chestnut leaves is wonderfully preserved. Even the work of insects is as clear in the hard stone as it would have been in the green leaf itself.

To-day the magnolia thrives in the southern portion of the United States, and the chestnut is not found west of the Mississippi. It seems probable that these trees, and the redwoods which also are known to have lived in the Yellowstone region in past ages, were driven out by the building up of the mountains which to-day are a suitable habitat for the hardy pines and aspens.

## LOSE PATRON SAINT.

### Cupid's Stock Takes Slump When Statue of Lovers' Saint Vanishes.

Young lovers in the district of Henanbihen, France, are in a state of dismay. They have lost their patron saint.

In that part of old religious Brittany, which is the land of saints, Henanbihen is the land of lovers. An old and valuable statue of the saint, dating from the eleventh century, and placed at a little lonely spot called Pont-Landais, outside Henanbihen, has been for centuries the object of veneration on the part of the population of the district. Apart from numerous individual visits received daily by the saint, there is not an engagement or marriage celebrated for miles around without the happy couple going to kneel and pray before the statue of Saint Mirly.

The surprise of the inhabitants can easily be imagined when they discovered that the statue of the venerable saint had disappeared. It was at first believed that this was a piece of practical joker, but the local authorities are now convinced that the statue was stolen by a thief who was afraid of the power of love. While the search for the thief is going on many marriages which were to be performed in the district have been postponed. Couples are afraid that if their wedding was to take place without their being able to make the usual pilgrimage to Saint Mirly it would bring ill-luck to their love.

## TO SAVE FRENCH FORESTS.

### Has Lost Some of Its Most Beautiful and Useful Sites.

Woodman, spare that tree! A French organization is impressing on M. Herriot, the Minister of Education and of Fine Arts, the need of preserving forest trees from vandalism. During the war large tracts of woodland were levelled in the most accessible parts, and though efforts have been made to replant, France has definitely lost some of its most practical purpose too—useful sites. Moreover every year there are big forest fires, especially in the south. Some of the stories are merely sensational, but there is enough truth in them to induce the authorities to consider what steps can be taken to prevent this yearly destruction. The sparks from the trains are largely responsible, and this is being dealt with by general electrification of the trains through the forest. There are careless picnic parties and those who deliberate and wanton incendiaries. In the Fontainbleau forest the "arbre de souvenir," a beautiful oak, was recently destroyed.

M. Herriot has written some remarkable pages about trees, and one of the suggestions put forward is that the authorities should begin the aesthetic and utilitarian value of trees should be inculcated. Probably such teaching would have a salutary effect.

### Ancient Quarry to be Wine Cellar.

Ancient, underground stones quarries, in the heart of Paris, are to be the ready-made cellars for a big new hotel on the Champs Elysees.

When excavating, the builders discovered the old quarry, so they superimposed a roof on the pillars and the hotel is being built on it. Instead of excavating for a wine cellar, which must be deep in the ground where the temperature is even, the quarry will be used.

There was no opening to the forgotten quarry anywhere near the hotel site. Apparently stone was taken out somewhere about the Trocadero palace, about a mile away, says archaeologists, who know that there was such a quarry, the site of which has been lifted since, presumably, sometime in the past, or by the settling of the ground above.

### Currency In Circulation.

Currency notes now in circulation in Great Britain amount to close upon £300,000,000; this is a very large increase on the amount of gold in circulation before the war.

### An "Ultra-Whistle."

German police are using an amazing new device to aid in tracking down criminals — an "ultra-whistle" that summons police dogs without giving the slightest audible sound to warn the fugitive. The sound wave it emits is of more than 40,000 vibrations a second—too high-pitched for the human ear to hear, but the dog's sensitive ear, it is said, detects and understands it.

### A Norwegian girl of 19 has a master's certificate entitling her to the command of steamers up to 250 tons.

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*Permits You to Do This Thing - With Very Marked Economies - Note These Values :*

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One only, 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., Blue ground, Regular $45.00 for $22.50.
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One only, 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in., new design, Regular $69.50 for $57.95
One only, 6 ft. 9 in. x 10 ft. 6 in., Sand ground, Regular $69.00 for $57.95.

**If your size is here, buy now.**

One only, 6 ft. 9 in. x 10 ft. 6 in., new design, Regular $63.00 for $49.95.
One only, 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., rose ground, Regular $45.00 for $36.95.
One only, 6 ft. 9 in. x 10 ft. 6 in., Taupe ground Regular $60.00 for $47.95
One only, 6 ft. 9 in. x 10 ft. 6 in., Sand ground, Regular $55.00 for $44.95.

### ONE ONLY FRENCH WILTON OVAL RUG
**ABOUT 4 x 7 FT., REGULAR $19.50**
**FOR $9.95**

An ideal rug for a bedroom floor, especially when bright color effects are desired. This one comes with a Mandarin yellow centre and with a Chinese blue and black stripe border.

Remember, only one in stock.

### LINOLEUM RUGS AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION ANYWHERE IN CANADA

This sweeping clearance includes the finest printed and Jaspe inlaid designs and colors made by our factory. Obtainable too, are all sizes up to 4 by 5 yards.

Linoleum floors are life savers because they are easily kept spic and span in appearance. Choose and save.

### 300 YARDS PRINTED LINOLEUM
**BEST STANDARD QUALITY**
**SALE PRICE 90 CENTS SQ. YD.**

This sale item presents a distinct gain in the "savings" column of your bank account. Floor coverings are of guaranteed first quality, absolutely free from imperfections. In the sale are many choice designs in desirable colorings. Three or four yard widths.

### ALL MADE UP CURTAINS AND PANELS CARRY GENEROUS REDUCTIONS–SECURE THESE SAVINGS NOW

Its only a few short months till the Spring house cleaning season. Then you'll be needing new curtains. You can save at least twenty per cent. by making your selections this month. The styles and colors are absolutely authentic.

Reg. 59c. Curtains, now 48c. pr.
Reg. 98c. Curtains, now 79c. pr.
Reg. $1.25 Curtains, now $1.00 pr.
Reg. $3.39 Curtains, now $2.72 pr.
Reg. $3.75 Curtains, now $3.00 pr.
Reg. $3.95 Curtains, now $3.16 pr.

Reg. $1.75 Panels, now $1.40 each
Reg. $2.75 Panels, now $2.20 each
Reg. $3.75 Panels, now $3.00 each
Reg. $4.25 Panels, now $3.40 each
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### NEW LOW PRICES ON BEAUTIFUL RAYON SILK DRAPERIES

Presenting a real choice assemblage of rich new patterns and colors, especially suitable for all of your more important windows. All the fashionable interior color schemes are well represented.

All $1.50 qualities for $1.20 yd. All $1.75 qualities for $1.39 yd.
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All $2.50 qualities for $1.75 yd.

All wire lamp shade frames—To clear at Half Price.
All lamp shade trimmings are reduced 33 1/3%.
Wilton scatter rugs, offer substantial reductions.
Special lot of Roller Blinds, selected seconds, 89c. each.
Braided and bedroom mats, regular $2.75 for $2.00 each.
Imported tufted Smyrna Mats, regular 95c. size for 50c. each.
Tapestry furniture coverings show distinct savings.
All Brussels and Velvet Rugs in stock, reduced by 33 1/3%.
Brussels stair carpet, 27 inches wide reduced $3.25 grade, Sale Price $1.95 yd.

### NEW LOW PRICES IN OUR GIFT DEPARTMENT

All Toys and Dolls on sale at Half Price. Buy now for next year. Doll Carriage, Wagons, Sleighs, less 33 1/3%. Lamps, Lamp Shades, at interesting prices.

### OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF TAPESTRY RUGS IN THE SALE AT HALF PRICE

All reg. $16.95 qualities for $8.48
All reg. $18.50 qualities for 9.25
All reg. $21.50 qualities for 10.75
All reg. $22.50 qualities for 11.25
All reg. $24.50 qualities for 12.25
All reg. $27.50 qualities for 13.75

Designs are in the popular floral and conventional effects, while the colorings assemble an artistic combination of tones. Good assortment of sizes.

## *Canadian Department Stores Limited*

## PERSONALS

**(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).**

Mr. E. W. Scott returned from Montreal on Monday.

Miss Helen Rathbun is the guest of Miss Ethel Hawley.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Laidley spent last week in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gibbard are in Toronto for a few days.

Miss Helen VanLuven spent a few days last week in Brockville.

Mrs. Blakely, Campbellford, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Perry Cassan.

Dr. Leslie Lewis is attending the Optometrist convention in Toronto this week.

Mr. Andy Hayes, Welland, is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick, Thomas St.

Judge and Mrs. Geo. E. Dercoche, Belleville, left last week for a two month's trip to Europe.

Messrs. Arthur Kimmerly, Geo. Tustin, Elgin Ungar and J. G. Daly were in Toronto for the week-end.

Miss Rose McGreer spent last week the guest of Mrs. Eric McGreer, Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Vanalstine and daughter, Muriel, St. Catherines, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wine last week.

Mayor Roy and Town Clerk W. A. Grange spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. W. J. Jewell was in Picton on Saturday attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Way.

Mrs. J. E. Madden and Mrs. Harry Boyle leave on Wednesday to visit Mrs. Dr. Griswold at Hartford, Conn.

Mr. C. A. Wiseman was in Toronto and Oshawa a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Huffman and family and Mr. William McCabe, of Napanee, motored to Rochester, and Middleport, N.Y., stopping off a few days as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Perry, Oshawa.

Mr. F. Jas. Roblin of "The Haines Shoe House," Napanee, and Mr. E. R. McBride, of "The Haines Shoe House," Belleville, are attending the National Shoe Retailers Association Convention and doing their annual spring buying.

### BIRTHS

**Buchanan**—At Napanee, on Saturday, Jan. 14th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Buchanan, a son.

### MARRIAGES

**Johnson—MacFarlane** — At Grace church parsonage, on Tuesday, Jan. 17th, 1928, by Rev. W. P. Woodger, James Albert Johnson, to Gladys Marguerite MacFarlane, both of Richmond township.

### DEATHS

**Thompson**—At Deseronto, on Tuesday, Jan. 10th, 1928, Vernon Thompson, aged 7 months, 17 days.

The Blue Jacket orchestra will play for a St. Valentine dance to be held for members of the Napanee Golf and Country Club at the Paisley House, on the evening of February 13th.

Oyster Supper at Empey Hill Church on Friday, Jan. 20th, 1928. A good program will be provided, including Miss Mildred Lloyd and her brother, elocutionists, of Belleville. Admission 75c. 8-3

There was a large attendance of the officers and brethren of Union Lodge No. 9, A.F. & A.M., including a number of visitors at the first 6.30 banquet in the New Year, the function being held in the Assembly Hall on Friday evening. Following a very sumptuous repast, a brilliant address on "India," was given by Rev. C. O. Clarke, rector of Christ Church, Belleville, who at the close of his address, received a hearty vote of thanks from the brethren.

### GREAT WHEAT PROBLEM.

**Consumption of Wheat is Rising by Leaps and Bounds.**

The fact that Canada had a good harvest last year is good news, because the wheat problem is becoming more and more urgent. If the number of consumers of wheaten bread were represented only by the increase of population among nations which were eating it fifty years ago, there would be no problem at all, because the Great Northwest of the American continent has been opened up to cultivation within that period and many other wheat-growing areas have been developed, notably in Australia.

But this is not the case. The rice and millet eaters are fast becoming wheat consumers, and if the vast populations of eastern countries, like China and India, forsake their rice diet for the wheat of the white races, the increase of consumers will tend to overtake production, and pass it.

The consumption of wheat in China, India, and Japan is rising by leaps and bounds, and if thus the amount available for Europe is steadily diminishing. Then, of course, there is the all-too-obvious fact that increase of population in wheat-producing countries will tend to diminish the cultivable area. It is estimated, for instance, that seventy-six years hence the population of the United States will have reached 1,200 millions. Little room will be left for wheat-growing then, and that population will have to import its wheat, and may not be able to find it!

Intensive cultivation, together with the cultivation of huge areas at present lying waste, will probably solve the problem.

### The Weeping Tree.

When the Tacazzi tree of Bulawayo weeps, it is said to indicate the approaching end of a prolonged drought.

David Livingstone, the explorer, decided that the water was drawn from the air by insects of the frog-hopper or "cuckoospit" type which congregate on the bark of the tree. He stripped the bark from one of these trees and could find no reason for supposing that the water came from the bark.

The tree weeps for about nine days before the rain comes.

### MYTHICAL ESTATES

**System In England Designed to Protect Gullible People the World Over.**

A £12,000 windfall for the British Treasury and an added revenue of £10,000 a year are but two of the benefits to the taxpayer which will result from the revised Supreme Court funds rules which came into effect on the first of January.

These rules deal with the finances of the Royal Courts of Justice, which at any time have at their disposal more than £50,000,000 in cash and securities.

This £12,000, which, the Daily Mail understands, has just been paid to the Exchequer, represents arrears of fees which are now to be charged by the Supreme Court for keeping accounts of funds which have been dormant for more than fifteen years. Actually some of the accounts date back to 1726. Hitherto these accounts have been kept free of charge.

In the past, funds in Chancery have been loaned to the national debt and allowed to accumulate compound interest until in some cases the amount of the interest has become many times that of the original capital, and has constituted a tremendous possible claim against the state.

In future the interest on these funds instead of being added to the principal will go towards the reduction of the national debt. This will mean an extra £10,000 a year for the treasury.

The chief points of the new rules include also:

The erasure from the published lists of funds in Chancery of all moneys which have been dormant since before 1911. This will affect $0 per cent. of the accounts.

The charging of fees for keeping dormant funds since 1726.

The cessation of the accumulation of interest on dormant capital and the payment of the interest to the national debt.

The erasure of many of the accounts from the list of dormant funds published every five years will go a long way towards thwarting the unscrupulous agents throughout the world who obtain fees from the gullible by telling them that they can recover fortunes which are due to them as the next of kin of persons supposed to have left fortunes.

There are some 6,000 dormant accounts, but, as Mr. Frank Coucher, Deputy Paymaster-General, pointed out, most of them do not exceed £150 each. The total amount of dormant funds held by the court is about £1,500,000.

### Co-Operative Societies.

The membership of the co-operative societies in Great Britain has risen in the last twenty years from 2,071,000 to nearly 5,000,000, and the share capital from £28,000,000 to £90,000,000. The sales have risen from £85,000,000 to £300,000,000 a year.

**Laid 400 Miles of Rail.**

Close on 400 miles of branch line construction in Saskatchewan and Alberta have been virtually completed up to December 1st by the C.P.R., according to a report from headquarters.

### BOTTLE MAKING.

**Machines Are Marvels of Ingenuity and Efficiency.**

The newest bottle making machines are marvels of ingenuity and efficiency. They are really automatic, although driven by electricity, and strange to say, says a writer in Tit-Bits, they are the outcome of the revision of Mr. Francis Redfern, a solicitor with no previous experience in machine construction.

These machines, about 17 feet in diameter and 15 feet in height, resemble a merry-go-round, and each has fifteen complete bottle-making units, revolving about a central column. The circle rotates alongside a vessel of molten glass, and as each unit passes it takes up sufficient material to make one bottle every revolution, when single moulds are used.

At six rounds per minute each machine can produce ninety bottle in that time, maintaining an output of over 5,000 an hour. With dual or triple moulds smaller bottles can be made at correspondingly higher rates.

The bottles may range from 2½ to 16 inches in height and each a diameter of 7 to 8 inches; they may be of fifteen shapes and ten different capacities, and still be manufactured simultaneously by each machine.

Driving power is provided by a fifteen-horsepower variable speed motor, operating on a two-speed gearbox and worm gearing on the rotating base, or foundation ring, while the speed may be adjusted from one and a half to six complete revolutions a minute.

A notable feature is that the operating force is transmitted through springs that are of sufficient strength to convey the force necessary for all ordinary working, but will yield to accommodate any obstruction.

All the parts are interchangeable, and in the case of a breakdown any unit may be taken out and replaced by a perfect working order within thirty minutes.

In a special test the substitution was achieved in twenty-one minutes.

There is romance in the development of these machines, which Mr. Redfern first designed to meet the requirements of a large bottle making firm of which he is a director. With the assistance of an engineer and a designer, he created a plant capable of producing better bottles more rapidly and at lower cost than before. The first model, of ten units, was constructed in 1920, and has been working successfully ever since. In a recent week it turned out 294,048 square pints, working with single moulds.

On the basis of this experience, it is estimated that the new machines, working with dual moulds, will give an output of 120 pint bottles a minute, or over a million a week.

It will be readily seen that the construction of these machines calls for expert workmanship and the soundest materials, for they must carry their own rotating weight of forty tons with absolute rigidity and maintain accuracy under the trying conditions arising from heat, dirt, carbonized oil, and particles of glass through night and day.

The two latest machines have been built by special arrangement for a big Japanese concern, which shows that the world still admits the supremacy of British engineering.

## CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Not so very long ago we called everyone who wanted peace a "pacifist" in tones of contempt. The man or woman who will lay down their arms in the face of the foe, or will let others fight their country's battles because they do not want to risk their own lives, deserves contempt. But the terrible war in which men endured untold horrors and women an agony that was unspeakable, showed all sane people the folly and the futility of trying to settle matters by force. Another war, which is bound to be in even a wider area, a world war, with the deadly instruments that science can today produce, is sure unthinkable. And yet we have to face the thought. There is no use shutting our eyes to have them opened by the cannon's roar. Last week in Toronto, Jew and Gentile met to consider in what way the men and women of Canada can work to avert the grave danger of an armed conflict. Rev. Father McDonagh, of the staff of St. Michael's Cathedral, spoke at this meeting called by the Toronto branch of the League of Nations, and said that at Bethlehem, not at Geneva, would the problem be solved, for not until men learned to do unto others as they would have them do, would true peace come. Dr. S. D. Chown of the United Church, urged that the saying, "In time of Peace prepare for war" be changed to "Prepare for Peace and you will secure Peace." Rabbi Isserman felt that in speaking for the millions of Jews throughout the world, he could say that the synagogue would stand side by side with the church to secure peace. Mrs. R. J. Plumptre, wife of the rector of the Anglican Cathedral of St. James', Toronto and president of the Ontario Division of the Red Cross, spoke of the League from the standpoint of the ex-service men and stressed the "disarmament of the spirit." She urged the leaguing of the youth of the world on the side of peace. Already many branches of the League of Nations are being formed in connection with organized societies. Before the fear that broke as a sudden storm in 1914, an old lovingly called, "Bobs" went up and down the land for which he had fought and found his life, to warn its people for whom he had given his best, that the war cloud was just below the horizon. No one listened to Lord Roberts, but when his heart broke and he died early in the war, a nation said, "Because he loved us he warned us."

Recently the Ontario Provincial W.M.S. of the Presbyterian Church in Canada for a day of prayer and intercession for missions. The meetings for prayer were held in five different Toronto churches. Arrangements were made for an annual meeting to be held in Toronto on January 26th and 27th. The treasurer's report showed that $31,025 had been raised in the province, an increase of $700 over last year. The Presbyterian women led all others in the matter of missions and a few years ago celebrated the diamond jubilee of their Home and Foreign Missionary Society. The Anglican Women's Auxiliary came next, but they are still in their thirties.

If you don't want a cold and feel you have taken a chill, fill a glass with cold water, dissolve a teaspoonful of baking soda in it and sip slowly. A doctor says it will be a severe chill indeed that this will not prevent from giving you a cold. Don't despise this simple remedy and when one glass of soda and water is finished fill another and keep it near you and take a sip every little while.

It is a long time since there has been such a latitude in women's dress as there is today and there is no excuse for anyone being unbecomingly dressed. For the women no longer slim, there are long lines, draped gowns without a belt for afternoon wear and flowing draperies and contrasting color used with skill for evening frocks. Then the length of the dress is left entirely to the will of the wearer, especially for formal occasions. One side of the skirt can be short, but a drape or a panel may fall from the shoulder or waist to give the effect for length.

What are the Junior Institutes doing towards the social side of their society? The older ladies of the Institutes will help, but of the whole don't you think it is best to run the Young yourselves and keep the standard so high that everyone will be proud of the girls? If there are girls and boys in the community who do not want to fall in line with your ideas and the ideals of the great women's organization to which you belong, and which you are bound to make of service in so far as your branch is concerned, don't invite them to your parties, and don't let the girls who would condone unwise actions have a little back bone. Half the troubles in societies and perhaps elsewhere, are due to the inability of people to say "No" and to stick to it.

Have the Institutes whose members read this column any suggestions as to the best way to make money from the tourists, who are already planning to visit us next summer? If they have, will they write to the paper in which they read this. Address the letter to "Lucinda," and it will be forwarded and you will see it acknowledged in a little while.

With this season come the parties and so you may like a new cake recipe. This is a good fudge cake. One cup of sweet milk, 1 cup of sugar, 1½ cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of baking soda sifted with the flour and a pinch of salt, 1 egg, ½ a cup of cocoa or 2 squares of chocolate. Let boil while stirring constantly, ½ cup cocoa, ½ cup sugar and ½ cup of milk. Cook for two minutes. Cream butter, half cup of sugar, and half a cup of milk and the well beaten egg. After mixing in the sifted flour add the cooked cocoa and beat well. Put in well-greased pan and cook in a moderate oven. Frost with chocolate fudge icing.

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." John 3: 14-18.

A BIBLE LOVER.


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